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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

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THE LIVING AGE
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FEBRUARY 28, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FRANCE still fears Germany, with a fear of which Americans have no experience. We recently published an article upon the peace of Versailles, by Jacques Bainville, because it illustrated this sentiment. This week we print a review of the treaty itself written in a similar mood. This sentiment of fear in France, combined with the hatred that always accompanies fear, is the principal 'imponderable' in the European situation to-day, so far as that situation is controlled by the old diplomacy. It assumes the continuance of a reign of force. It overlooks the possible imminence of a social conflict that may disregard old political frontiers and boundaries. The problem of national self-preservation has possibly ceased to be a problem of international vengeance or of military securities.

It may be assumed, without requiring much verification, that a thrifty crop of semi-military organizations has sprung up in Germany since the armistice. Societies to perpetuate the comradeship and memories of the war have also come into existence in our own country. In Germany, such associations naturally assume a more definitely military character than with us. When we add to this natural development, the fact that public security, free government, and the existing social order, have been repeatedly threatened by domestic revolt during the past few months, the multiplication of these official or semi-official military groups is not surprising. It would be remarkable if they did not observe the forms and customs in which German soldiers have been drilled for generations.

Naturally, the possibility remains that this network of little military groups may rally to the standards of some reactionary leader, and thus may again threaten the peace of Europe. But this appears unlikely. To assume it as a serious danger is to misinterpret the German revolution.

This week's article is characteristic of French comment upon the treaty in apparently clinging to the delusion that Germany will be able to make the indemnity payments which it has been forced to promise. Perhaps the very hopelessness of the fiscal situation in Europe deters even intelligent thinkers from recognizing the facts. German bonds to the value of one hundred billion marks in gold promise to be about as valuable as the investments dealt with by our 'Blue Sky' laws.

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THE study of compulsory arbitration in Australia and New Zealand, which we publish, is not an unbiased résumé of this legislation. The author's criticism is just, indeed, and searching, and he does not misstate his facts; but he fails to point out the advantages that the new commonwealths of the South Pacific have derived from these laws — advantages that explain the fact that such acts have remained upon the statute books for nearly a quarter of a century.

Compulsory arbitration has failed to prevent the very strikes that do most injury to society. It cannot stop those great conflicts between powerful labor unions and groups of employers which disorganize industry and threaten the immediate welfare of the general public. As administered hitherto, this legislation has not insured industrial peace, and it is doubtful whether it would have done so under any free government.

But the arbitration courts have regulated labor conditions in many industries where the workers were not organized, or if organized, were not powerful enough to secure a hearing for their grievances or to enforce their claims by strikes. In these industries, the awards have standardized terms of employment, and by so doing they have improved the condition of workers whose helplessness oftentimes invited sweating and other oppression. This end might have been attained — and perhaps better attained — in other ways. But as a matter of history, the arbitration courts have this service to their credit.

Neither does the author mention the preventive effect of the conciliation councils — and indeed of the courts themselves — in forestalling labor conflicts. Of course every man will form his opinion in accordance with his sympathies in estimating how many strikes, that never occurred, might have afflicted Australasia had the country been without this legislation. But only a biased critic would deny these laws any beneficent influence whatever in this direction. The present article does not deal with the Victorian wage boards, and boards modeled upon them in other parts of Australia. Their history forms a separate chapter in the records of Australasian labor experiment.

In the hopeful days when compulsory arbitration first went into effect, it was expected to promote among the working people regard for law and judicial authority. It failed to do this. Nevertheless, the courts have built up a code of recognized labor rights, confirmed by a stately series of awards and rulings that have helped to clarify the relations of employers and employees and to give those relations something resembling a scientific foundation. The case against the Australasian arbitration system should not be allowed to rest without hearing further evidence for the defense. But that system does not solve the problem of labor unrest, or insure industrial peace. Perhaps that is a task left for Kansas to accomplish.

POLAND'S destruction as a political power did not abolish the manorial rights of the titled Polish landlords, whose broad acres monopolized rich agricultural regions, not only within the borders of the kingdom as it existed shortly before its final disappearance, but throughout wide territories further East, which in the early days of Poland's greatest glory acknowledged for brief periods the suzerainty of its rulers. Now, after their long experience with foreign domination, the representatives of these landed interests in Lithuania, Courland, White Russia, and the Ukraine, are naturally

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inspirers or ardent champions of every territorial claim put forth by the new Polish state.

For some years before the war, the Tsar's officials followed a policy of consistently favoring the Ruthenians, Little Russians, or Ukrainians — whichever name for these people is preferred — in the borderland provinces between the Polish-speaking and the Russian-speaking areas of the Empire, for the express purpose of creating mutual hostilitybetween these nationalities, and thus making them more easy to govern. On the other hand, Austria had for a generation or more followed an opposite policy, of favoring the Polish landholders in its Galician realm against the claims of the resident Ruthenians.

In all these regions, whether in Russia or Austria, the Poles are usually the wealthy landlord class, while the Ruthenians are largely a peasant tenantry. So economic class hatred as well as political hatred exists between these two Slavic nationalities. In Old Russia this division is still further accentuated by the fact that the Poles are Roman Catholics and the Ruthenians members of the Russian Orthodox Church.

During the war, consequently, the Ruthenians living in Galicia and Bukovina were friendly to Russia. The German press reported many instances where Ruthenian subjects of Austria betrayed the cause of their rulers, by deserting to the enemy, sending the latter information, and even diverting trains of munitions and reinforcements to places where they were not needed or were likely to fall into Russian hands.

These are the people with whom the Poles have been contesting the control of Galicia ever since the armistice. The Ruthenian claims to self-government do not accord with the plans of France, inherited from the days of Napoleon, to make Poland large enough to be a powerful military ally on Germany's eastern border. This policy has several weak points, among the most important of which are the internal insecurity of a Polish state embracing a large rebellious population, who have been first promised and then denied the right of political self-determination, and the instability of the social order where race sentiment rallies to the support of an agrarian unrest that embraces not only subject nationalities, but also the Polish peasantry itself, and that affords fertile soil for the propagation of Bolshevism, with its seductive promises of free land for all.

THE moral exaltation of combat; the unmoral intoxication of victory; the reluctant recognition of self-defeat — are not these typical stages of a war epoch? Is victory ever more than a wine vision? In the sober reckoning time, when the piper presents his scot, the clouds of illusion drop from the cliffs of reality and nations see the true difficulty of the path before them. Thereupon, since the victors have not lost the war, they fancy they have lost the peace.

This seems to be the state of sentiment in France to-day. A correspondent of an old royalist paper of Berlin, in his first letter from Paris since the war, finds the formerly gay capital on the Seine as sadly thrifty as old-time Prussia; while almost simultaneously, a French Socialist editor cautions his country against the prevalent prodigality, and warns his fellow citizens not to dance upon the brink of the cataract. But all parties unite in blaming peace for not healing at once the wounds of war, for not making actual the wine visions of victory. A Paris correspondent of the *Times*,

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after characterizing 1919 as 'a year of disillusionment,' says: 'While we were inebriated with the champagne of our triumph, we did not note that the substantial meal of restoration was slipping away from our fork.'

Europe demands a scapegoat for a bad peace almost as exigently as it demanded a scapegoat for a disastrous war. Nations, like individuals, take comfort in personifying the causes of their ills. To quote again the same correspondent:

'Wilsonianism is put down as the primary calamity. The Peace Conference soared up for six months in the clouds of the "Society of Nations" while Germany was rising to her feet on the hard ground; no serious reparations secured; no Allied policy in Germany, none in Russia, a disastrous one in Italy; and, finally, no inter-Allied financial arrangement to avert bankruptcy in Europe.

'A second idol in the temple, whose ear should catch the change of tone in popular feeling, is M. Clemenceau himself. I quite discard, of course, the spiteful and systematic recriminations of the Extreme Left; I refer to the evolution of feeling or, if I may say so, to the "coming to" of many of his devotees. The greatest civilian victor of the war, Clemenceau, has well-nigh failed in his peace task; he has failed to cope for the last year with all the practical and mortal problems of reconstruction at home.

'The fault assuredly is not personal, though perhaps induced by his autocratic temperament; but he has not been adequately seconded by his ministers, nor would he be, by the very choice he made of third-rate politicians. In spite of his presence at the helm, we do not feel, to quote a famous utterance of his, I think, long years ago, that "we are sufficiently governed," or we have been made to realize, which is worse, that we are governed badly.

'To sum up, public opinion is beginning to question whether the right man in war time is not on the wrong pedestal in peace time.'

England, also, is asking whether the men who ran the war are the best qualified to perform the tasks of peace; and the heavy drift of voters toward the labor party indicates that many are answering this question in the negative.

THE European newspapers have been much occupied with the revelations concerning the secret peace negotiations initiated by Austria in 1917, through Prince Sixtus of Parma, to which we referred in a recent issue. The story of these negotiations is, briefly, as follows:

Prince Sixtus, who was serving as an officer in the Belgian army, was summoned to Switzerland in January, 1917, by his mother, who informed him that Emperor Charles of Austria wished to confer directly with him regarding peace. He received a letter from the Emperor while there, confirming this information, and informed his mother that he believed the minimum requirements of the Allies would be the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France; the evacuation of Belgium and Serbia; and the surrender of Constantinople to Russia. In February, the Prince returned to Switzerland, where he was met by a representative of the Emperor who delivered a letter from the latter to him. Early in March he had an audience with President Poincaré, to whom he handed a memorandum from Count Czernin. The French President considered the latter vague and indefinite.

However, a secret personal letter directly from the Emperor was more to the point. That ruler wrote: 'We will support France and exert pressure

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upon Germany.' Poincaré thought this was a firm basis for peace. Returning to Switzerland, Prince Sixtus had an interview with Count Erdoeli, who had been sent by the Austrian Emperor, from whom he received formal peace overtures from Austria; and on March 23 he had a personal interview with the Emperor himself at Laxenburg Castle.

The Emperor stated that he would do all in his power to induce Germany to make immediate peace. However, since he would not sacrifice his own monarchy to the madness of his ally, he was willing, as a last resort, to make a separate peace. The next day, the Emperor handed the Prince a letter confirming his definite proposals. On April 12 the Prince had another interview with Poincaré, and was informed that England favored the proposals made. Meantime, Italy was told of the negotiations.

Toward the end of April, Prince Sixtus had another interview with Count Erdoeli; and on the twenty-fourth of May the latter brought the Prince the astonishing news that Emperor Charles had informed him that an ambassador from General Cadorna had been in Bern for three weeks, trying to negotiate a peace with Austria on a basis of the cession of Trent to Italy. The Prince again visited Vienna, where he received another memorandum from the Emperor in which all these facts were summarized. The Emperor said he was determined to see the matter through to a successful conclusion, but wanted some guaranties in return. Czernin told the Prince that he would not allow himself to be intimidated by the threatening attitude of the German army leaders, and that open negotiations must begin. He added a note to the Emperor's memorandum insisting that in case boundary concessions were made, the integrity of the monarchy itself should be guaranteed. He assured the Prince that if this condition was assured, Austria would make a separate peace. Interviews followed between the Prince and Poincaré and Ribot, who was then Premier of France, in Paris, and with Lloyd George and the King of England in London. After the latter interview he returned to Paris to wait for further developments. Immediately thereafter, however, the whole project fell through.

ALTHOUGH so many German working people are dissatisfied with the conservative provision of the new Shop Council Law, the passage of which was the occasion for the recent riots in Berlin, many employers regard that enactment with great distrust. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, a conservative paper now issued under British control, in commenting upon this legislation says: 'The law ends, once for all, the age of living machines and inaugurates the era of Socialism. It gives the employee equal rights with the employer in the direction and ownership of a business. The law is a war measure against the existing economic order.' This paper fears that the working people will take advantage of the privileges they acquire under this law to extort still greater privileges from employers. It prophesies that the law will have the following effect:

'1. Very capable employers will be able to work in coöperation with a Shop Council composed of intelligent conservative men — or to put it better — by the exercise of unbounded tact and patience, they will be able to carry on for a time without particular loss. In exceptional instances, the employer may find the new system to his personal advantage, or be quite unconscious of any embarrassment on account of it.

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'2. Less tactful and capable employers will be at swords' points with their Shop Council from the start. The violence of their disputes will depend upon the personality of the employer, and the reasonableness, or the reverse, of the Shop Council. It is hardly necessary to say what the effect will be upon the business itself.

'3. Even the best and most tactful and skillful employer will gradually be pushed to the wall and rendered powerless whenever malicious or misguided workingmen get control of a Shop Council.'

OF the higher Soviet officials, ten belong to the Russian nobility. The most prominent of these are Lenin and Lunacharsky. Most of the Bolshevist Civil Service is recruited from the bourgeoisie. Among the bourgeois leaders of the new bureaucracy are Bucharin, Krylenko, and Kamenef. Only two come from the working classes — Kalinin and Schlaintof. All of these we have named so far are Christians. Among the Jews prominent in the present administration are Trotzky, Sinovyef, Radek, Kamenjef, Uritzki, Livenof, Joffe, Larin, and Stettlof.

It is obvious that the Soviet government is not a 'workers' and peasants'' government. Most of the higher officials come from the former nobility or the bourgeoisie. The same applies to the army. Most of Trotzky's general staff were high officers in the army of the Tsar and belonged to the nobility.

EUROPEAN publishers continue to increase the price of their periodicals, and New Year's witnessed a considerable addition to the high subscription rates already prevailing. In commenting upon this action, the *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger* published prices showing that type metal had risen during the war from less than half a mark to nine marks a kilo, an increase of nearly two thousand per cent. Machine oil rose during the same interval from less than half a mark to more than seven marks a kilo, or more than fourteen hundred per cent. Printing ink increased in price from less than four marks a kilo to twenty-eight marks a kilo, or nearly six hundred per cent; while the price of coal mounted from twenty-two marks to one hundred and eighty-six marks a ton.

PROFESSOR LAMMASH whose death we mentioned last week, was one of the first representatives of German scholarship and opinion to receive a direct hearing in France after the war. Both he and the Breslau jurist, Heilberg, one of the oldest members of the Executive Committee of the German Peace Society, have been given an opportunity to criticize the peace treaties of Versailles and St. Germain in a Paris review. Their articles appear in *La Paix par le Droit*, an organ of the French Pacifists edited by Professor Theodore Ruyssen of Bordeaux.

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[*L'Opinion* (National-Liberal Weekly), *January 17, 1920*]

WHAT DOES THE TREATY SIGNIFY?

BY JACQUES BARDOUX

THE Protocol provided that on the tenth of January, 1920, before entering the Clock Hall, at an hour set and at a point indicated, the plenipotentiaries of the Allies and of the Germans should shake hands.

I realize perfectly that in diplomatic relations, as in social life, this expression of cordiality, this manifestation of esteem, confidence, good will, and harmony, has lost its meaning.

How many simple souls and unenlightened minds — cherishing faith in their newspapers or in the Protocol — have doubtless misinterpreted this handshake! Peace is actually here. The stage of wrangling is over. The demobilization of the diplomats has begun. Our good people in France will at last be able to forget the Boche — not only their helmets and their poison gas, but also their spectacles and portfolios — and turn their thoughts to their vacant firesides and the coming harvest.

How many handshakes will still be exchanged between German diplomats and French ministers in the reception halls of the Quai d'Orsay before the people of France enjoy any practical profit from the advantages they have so dearly won?

To appreciate the number of things that still remain to be done, one ought to read the official volume enumerating the obligations laid upon the Germans and the period allowed for their execution. In the treaty signed at Versailles on June 28, 1919, and ratified at Paris on January 10, 1920, the mere list covers nineteen quarto pages. Their execution extends from the eleventh of January, 1920, to the eleventh of January, 1935. The financial clauses are calculated to remain in force until 1950.

Twenty-nine interpretations and agreements should properly have been settled since the eleventh of January, and twenty-nine others are now due to be settled immediately. Of these fifty-eight items, twenty-seven impose obligations upon Germany alone and relate to such varied subjects as the restitution of stolen documents; the dissolution of military organizations; the presentation of a statement of all artillery equipment; the demolition of war vessels in course of construction; the restitution of live stock; and the delivery of aeronautical materials. In this selection of items — the execution of which will be laborious and difficult to superintend — I have omitted all pecuniary damages and penal clauses. Now, the latter are already in force, and it is important for us to estimate the resistance that is likely to be offered to their execution.

Germany is required by the treaty to issue immediately gold bonds, free from taxes and payable to bearer, to the value of one hundred billion marks, as a guaranty and recognition of its debt. Of these bonds twenty billions are to be issued immediately, payable the first of May, 1921, or later, without interest. Forty billions are to be issued immediately and to carry interest of two and one-half per

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cent from 1921 to 1926, and five per cent thereafter with one per cent additional for amortization.

A payment of twenty billions of marks between January, 1920, and the first of May, 1921, will be a rather more difficult matter for Germany than it would have been immediately after the armistice was signed in November, 1918. During the fourteen months that have since elapsed, socialistic experiments and labor revolts have lessened the wealth of the country by hundreds of millions. During the same period billions have been spent in reorganizing Germany's army and creating a complicated structure of crypto-military organizations. During the single month of October, 1919, the appropriation for the *Reichswehr* alone reached one billion two hundred million marks. During the past fourteen months, therefore, Germany has methodically, and with impunity, pursued a policy that will facilitate an evasion of its fiscal obligations.

Erzberger's report upon the budget last July ought to have opened people's eyes. He estimated the necessary expenses of the government at twenty-five billions of marks. Although taxes had been doubled within four years they produced but four billions. New taxes upon transfers of property and war profits, and a levy upon capital would not meet the deficit. Ten billions remained to be procured from sources not yet ascertained. And in outlining the expenditures necessary to reëstablish political equilibrium, Erzberger took the care not to contemplate a single additional mark of taxes for the payment of indemnities. More than that. By abolishing the fiscal autonomy of the federal states and subordinating everyone of them to a central administration, he not only restored Prussian hegemony, but he deprived the Allies in advance of a valuable advantage in controlling Germany and of an indispensable source of security.

Since then events have followed each other in quick succession. Early in December, Germany's new national government floated its first loan. It asked for only five billions of marks; it was so cautious that it offered to accept one half of the subscriptions in war bonds; it had recourse to a lottery system to make the issue popular, and it held out special alluring inducements to small investors. But people with money to subscribe went on a strike. The government procured only three and eight tenths billions in all, or one and nine tenths billions in new money. The treasury was forced to subscribe directly for the additional millions necessary to meet its requirements. To quote the *Kölnische Zeitung* of December 16: 'The government is granting itself the credit that others will not give it. The failure of these lottery bonds is a warning of the dangerous path which we are following.'

This warning came too late. The printing of paper money goes on apace. Last month the circulation of bank notes increased one billion four hundred million marks. The total amount of paper in circulation exceeds forty-eight billions. And the mark which was quoted from fifty to sixty centimes in Geneva when the armistice was signed, is now worth only ten to eleven centimes.

The amount which the German Government must pay the Reparation Commission between now and May 1, 1921, is, therefore, no longer twenty billions of marks, but two hundred billions, unless a miracle happens, and the course of exchange is reversed.

I am quite well aware that the Reparation Commission has established its quarters at Astoria. It has plenty of room to lodge its staff and to file its

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documents. I know equally well that Mr. Jonnart is to be its chairman. A better selection could not have been made. But it will require a man of preëminent ability and with all the assistance that a formidable and efficient organization behind him can render, to control and insure the payments that are demanded by a treaty that has no precedent in diplomatic history for its complexity, and for the long period of time over which its execution extends.

Impossible as the situation seems, however, the Germans will shrink from compromising their commercial recovery by public bankruptcy, which would insure permanent military occupation and Allied control. Therefore, they will not resist these financial requirements, except to endeavor to have them reduced — to diminish them and to embarrass their creditors. The contest will be more obstinate when we come to the penal clauses of the treaty. Here German diplomats will be able to resist without harming the material interests of their country or retarding the recovery of their financial prosperity. The more obstinately they resist, the more credit they will win for the government in power, and the more applause they will get from patriots at home.

Everyone knows that the treaty requires that Wilhelm II shall be delivered to an inter-Allied tribunal for having violated international morality and the sacred authority of treaties; and that, likewise, individuals who have committed acts contrary to the laws and customs of war are to be surrendered by the German Government for trial by the military courts of the country affected by those acts.

Up to the present, the representatives of Germany have employed every conceivable method to evade compliance with these clauses of the treaty. They have endeavored to create dissension among the Allies. They have appealed in turn to their interest and their pity. They have composed notes and cited precedents. They have acknowledged that such acts demanded severe punishment, and they assure us that the stern provisions of the German code will be enforced. They have offered to repeal the recent amnesty and to reassemble a Supreme Court to judge these cases. They have requested the coöperation of Allied judges, and promised to open to them all the records of their own army office.

Republican-Socialist Wilhelmstrasse would not squirm about in this way to evade compliance, if the safety of only a few underlings were at stake. But the guilty men have shoulder straps and titles — yes, stars and crowns! In Germany, barbarism is as disciplined and methodical as science. Instructions and precedents come from above. Robberies and atrocities must not lose their higher sanction. The leaders of the war desired their army to be faithful to German traditions — to pillage, violate, and burn. In order to insure the observance of this Prussian doctrine, these decorated, gloved, and monocled aristocrats themselves committed the offenses they enjoined.

In November, 1918, the common soldiers, heartbroken and discouraged, would have delivered these men to justice without regret. But during the fourteen months that have intervened the red cockades have disappeared and the songs of the republic have been silenced. A host of military organizations has afforded an opportunity for the veterans of the war to reorganize and to restore their professional leaders. Goose-step parades have begun again, and the discipline of the old régime is enforced anew. Army units have recovered their generals and resumed

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their former designations. At the reviews we see the same old regiments marching to the same music and receiving the same instructions. Hindenburg and Ludendorff are there — and an Imperial Prince lurks in the background.

An order to surrender five hundred of these titled and decorated butchers and brigands will be the signal for the counter-revolution.

Therefore, penal sanctions and pecuniary compensation will be more difficult to obtain because of the fourteen months that have elapsed, during which securities have vanished and resistance has been fortified. All of the handshakes and portfolios of documents in the world will not modify this brutal truth. To-day it is truer than it was yesterday that we have got to struggle breast to breast to overcome our reinvigorated opponent and to escape his toils. The diplomatic battle is going to rage yet for a long time. Every passing week increases the handicap of the Anglo-French, while in the West the American republic has lost sight of all reality while discussing Byzantine theories of state, and in the East, beyond the cordon of little mutually distrustful and jealous nations, unstable and famished as they are, great, unknown, brooding Russia looms.

In order to assure with any probability of success, the execution of the Treaty of Versailles — and this is but part of the diplomatic task before us — two conditions are necessary. We must hasten the disarmament of Germany and we must adopt a definite German policy.

It is not a question of inspecting a naval dock-yard, or destroying a few fortifications along the Rhine. That would be comparatively simple. The problem involves things of a very different character — effective military forces and units, police schools, prohibited manufactures, stocks in hand, army materials to be delivered and army materials to be listed. For fourteen months Germany's factories have kept in operation; its stock of machine guns has been restored and improved; its flame throwers and poison bombs have been used with success. In the 'Reichswehr,' a force of one hundred thousand professional soldiers, authorized by the Versailles Treaty, has been organized in such a way as to preserve in skeleton form practically every military organization of the old imperial army. It embraces those parts of the service which were to be abolished — heavy artillery and army aviation. During these fourteen months, side by side with the 'Reichswehr,' a new organization has grown up, half constabulary, half police, possessing modern arms and depots of ammunition, with its own tactics and units, and so designed that in case of need it could be mobilized on the moment and combined with the 'Reichswehr.' This new chain of organizations bears various names — 'military police,' 'temporary volunteers,' 'local militia,' 'railway guards,' 'technical assistants.' Still more recent organizations of the same sort have older designations such as 'university students contingents,' and 'demobilization units.' This revival of former army groups, and the dispersion of equipment among them, and the multiplication of new semi-military societies, have no other purpose than to increase the difficulty of Allied control. How, then, are we to enforce our demands? Will the control commissions deal directly with the German authorities and employ coercion? How are they to prevent the formation of these local and voluntary organizations, and these clandestine depots of military supplies?

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The whole military situation should be left in the control of Marshal Foch with the support of the other Allies. Every agency for enforcing and controlling the execution of the treaty should be under his command. But this is not enough. In order to insure the speedy disarmament of Germany, every subsidiary body entrusted with duties relating to the treaty, whether in respect to the collection of money or the fixing of boundaries, should be under a single head. We need a definite German policy.

But it will not be enough to keep informed of what is occurring in Germany and to enforce strictly the treaty it has signed. There is no profit in perpetuating our hatred and distrust. We must take measures to prevent the partial or total, the overt or concealed, reappearance of our former peril — Prussian Imperialism. Neither the strict enforcement of our contract with Germany, nor a vigilant army of observation, will alone afford a guaranty against this possibility — a possibility that is rapidly becoming a certainty with every additional month that we spend in mere discussion. We must distinguish beween the new forces of reconstruction and the survivors of the old Teutonic organization, between Prussian domination and German unity, between the servants of the Hohenzollerns and the champions of a new era. We should be able to employ certain interests within the new Germany to our advantage and to avail ourselves of certain points of contact with them. We have erected a zone of safety on the east and have established ourselves at the gateway of the Rhine. The military frontier has been pushed back beyond the political frontier. From these points of vantage we should methodically promote a policy of pacific penetration, from which France and its allies will not be the only ones to benefit.

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[*The National Review* (Conservative Monthly), *January*]

ARBITRATION IN AUSTRALIA

BY P. AIREY

SOME fifteen years ago it was loudly proclaimed that Australia and New Zealand had discovered a magnificent solution of their industrial troubles. Pamphlets were written by capable journalists and *littérateurs* (foremost among whom was William Pember Reeves of New Zealand) expatiating on the advantages of this new method, and prophesying that in a few years it would simply revolutionize the world's ways of dealing with labor questions. Commiseration was lavished on countries such as Britain and America that had not yet seen the glad light, and it was joyfully proclaimed that the day of their illumination and conversion would soon be at hand. Yet to-day neither Britain nor America has been convinced; Continental converts are few and far between, and Australia herself is apparently on the verge of wholly abjuring the homage she was supposed to be dutifully paying at the arbitration shrine. It may interest the English reader to follow out the operations of the Acts with intent to find out, if possible, how arbitration failed — and why.

Arbitration was begotten and conceived in the camp of Labor — and Ultra-Labor at that. Capital received the new-born bantling with a scoff, and predicted no good of its future. Australian Socialists hailed the birth with extravagant demonstrations of joy, and asseverated, with ludicrous cock-[illegible], that industrial strife was now [illegible]past and that reason had 'come down to brutish beasts.' It was clearly *Astræa redux* over again. And in theory the thing was excellent. A tribunal was to be created; a judge appointed of unimpeachable impartiality; evidence was to be taken on both sides and a judgment to be given on the facts which no honest men or body of men would dream of contesting. Surely the reign of peace was at hand, and the days of strife and barbarism once and for all ended.

For a while all was well. Arbitration had the luck to be tried in its early days 'on a rising market.' Things were good, business was booming, and when the judge awarded shorter hours, better conditions, or higher wages (as he almost invariably did) the flourishing state of Australasian industries enabled the burden to be borne without undue strain. True, here and there you might find a cynic who wanted to know what would happen when a judge awarded lower wages or slightly increased hours, but nobody took that kind of question seriously. It would be time enough to bid the Devil good day when you chanced to meet him.

Arbitration courts had not been running very long before it was discovered that the new system of settling industrial disputes had some notable blemishes to 'mar the fair face of its still perfection.' It came as a shock to the enthusiasts who had pinned their faith to the image to find that, in spite of the existence of the judicial machinery for settling disputes, the strike

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might still be resorted to. When complaints were made with regard to this egregious defect, Australia's leading arbitration judge elucidated the position in pithy phrase thus: 'You may have a strike or you may have arbitration, but you cannot have strike and arbitration at the same time.' But the Australian Labor Unions paid but scant respect to the judicial dicta, and it became no uncommon thing when a trade was discontented with a current award of the court, instead of waiting for its legal expiry, to strike by way of compelling speedier attention to its particular grievances.

Striking during the currency of an award was an offense against the law, but offenses on the part of the unions were seldom, if ever, effectively punished, for it was one thing to inflict fines on a couple of thousand men and quite another thing to collect them. And if you could n't collect them there were not jails enough in the country to confine all the offenders who might be implicated. So it speedily became apparent that Australian arbitration was a very lopsided institution.

No better illustration of the essential defect of arbitration could be given than is afforded by the subjoined answer to a question in the New South Wales Parliament. Mr. Estelle, Minister for Labor, in answer to the then Leader of the Opposition, Mr. T. Waddell, gave the following remarkable statement:

Number of strikes in New South Wales	300
Employers fined for breaches (of the Arbitration Act)	2909
Fines inflicted	$9795.25
Fines paid	$9668.74
Employees fined (including unions)	66
Fines inflicted	Nil

Needless to remark, no employee was imprisoned for making default in the payment of his fine. All the punishments were inflicted on the one side, while the other went off scot-free — doubtless *pour encourager les autres.* Is it to be wondered at that a law administered in this fashion has fallen into contempt? And the most extraordinary feature is that the working class, in whose favor the thing was working ninety per cent of the time, was just the party that came to despise the Act most heartily and to clamor most vociferously for something to take its place. Had there been the paltriest modicum of courage in the Australian Governments (State and Federal) arbitration might possibly have succeeded, but time-serving politicians have been at their old game of emasculating the law, and the result has been pitiful beyond description.

To show how utterly arbitration has failed as a means of abolishing strikes, I cannot do better than quote from the last annual report of Mr. Knibbs, our Commonwealth statistician (July, 1919), who gives the following suggestive table:

Year	Number of Industrial Disputes
1913	208
1914	337
1915	358
1916	508
1917	444
1918	298

The above statement certainly does not look as if Australia had attained her industrial millennium by any means. It is also worthy of note that the majority of these troubles were settled in the good old-fashioned way, by simple, direct negotiations between employers and employees. In 1914, seventy-three per cent were settled by direct negotiation; seventy-one per cent in 1915; sixty-three per cent in 1916; fifty-three per cent in 1917; and fifty-seven per cent during 1918. The percentage settled by reference to State or Federal Arbitration Courts

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was comparatively small. There was a strange reluctance on the part of the industrial patient to swallow the medicine his own union industrial doctors had so carefully compounded and so assiduously prescribed. He would persist in 'harking back' to the simpler methods of his earlier days.

It is, one must admit, quite possible that, with resolute governments and statesmen worthy of the name, arbitration might have justified itself as an efficient institution. But the unspeakable truckling of Australia's public men, State and Federal, to the lawless element dominating the unions, renders any attempt on the part of a judge at holding the scales of justice, even between conflicting parties, a pure futility. And in this matter the Nationals or anti-Laborites are just about as bad as their opponents. In the year 1917 the coal miners, who were working under an award of the Court, broke it openly and brazenly and came out on strike. They were denounced as law breakers by their critics, but that worried them not one iota. Thereupon, the Federal Government, in defiance of the Arbitration Law, overrode the Court and appointed a 'special tribunal' to adjudicate. The special tribunal promptly conceded every demand to the 'law breakers,' who proclaimed their victory far and wide, and said, with perfect truth, that they had broken the law no more grossly than the government.

Toward the close of 1918 the coal men, utterly regardless of the fact that the existing arrangement would not expire till 1920, came out again, and the acting Premier again swept the Arbitration Act into the gutter and gave the lawless unions all they demanded. Naturally, these illuminating lessons were not wasted on the desert [illegible]1919 the seamen determined to try their luck at law smashing and humiliating governments. Early in the campaign their secretary, Thomas Walsh, announced boldly that in coming out they 'had flouted arbitration and intended to go on flouting it.' The Federal Government with commendable promptitude took up the gage of battle, and declared their intention of upholding the Act and making no compromise with law breakers. At the same time shrewd observers noted that no attempt was made to organize a body of strike breakers, and that the government was apparently quite content to see the merchant vessels which it had chartered lying idle in the bay. The men put their case simply and directly. They wanted no arbitration. They would agree to submit their case to a round-table conference, and would waive any matters that could not there be agreed upon. The Arbitration Court might be graciously allowed to register the agreement when the conference had concluded.

The government talked on valiantly for weeks and months; professed it would never knuckle down to the brazen abrogation of law, and finally, like Byron's Donna Julia, 'whispering she would ne'er consent, consented.' And the result, as everyone anticipated, was that the round-table conference decided that the battling unions should be accorded all they wanted, and that law breaking should be exalted on the pedestal of heroism. The unions and the Federal Government between them dug the grave of arbitration, and jointly intoned its final *Requiescat.* No Labor Government could have handed in a more complete and abject submission. Australia is now waiting for a fresh outburst, fresh demands, and probably a fresh contemptible surrender.

Whatever may be said or thought

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of the broad principle of arbitration, it must be confessed that certain of the dicta laid down by judges of the Court, as governing their decisions and guiding their conclusions, were erroneous in the highest degree. Take, for instance, Judge Heydon's judgment containing this much-quoted passage: 'The living wage is based, not on the value of a man's work, but on his requirements as a man in civilized society.'

A statement so startling fairly takes the breath away. Whether a man's daily output is fifty cents or fifty dollars we are told is practically immaterial when his wages are being considered. His needs in civilized society, which may vary from moleskin to broadcloth, from plain bread and butter to champagne and truffles, are to be the bases of his remuneration, and the ability of the industry to pay for those requirements is merely a negligible factor. It was marvelous that Arbitration Courts, built on such a quicksand foundation as this, lasted as long as they did. The Heydonic dogma — if I may so christen it — was highly popular among the Unionists, for it opened up before them such a vista of inexhaustible potentialities as they had never dreamed of in their wildest moments. To be told that neither industry nor energy nor skill mattered when wages were being determined, and that the employer had only to weigh what a man considered to be his 'requirements'— surely here, if anywhere, were the portals of industrial joy and the gates of the millennium.

It is really dubious as to whether the unions in Australia ever loyally, as a body, accepted the principle of arbitration. When the matter would be discussed at their meetings and conventions, there were never wanting those among the more 'advanced spirits' who boldly pronounced in favor of the 'good old strike' methods and prophesied the speedy collapse of this new-fangled judicial system. And it must be remembered, as mentioned before, that for quite a number of years industries were so flourishing that the Courts had only to exercise the pleasing duty of granting the men the bulk of their demands on every possible occasion.

We come now to a phase of the arbitration question that casts a grave doubt on the practicability of the whole system. After the industrial problems of private firms and capitalistic bodies had been regulated for some time by the Courts, the happy idea occurred to certain public servants that recalcitrant or impecunious governments, who were guilty of the enormity of not granting satisfactory increases to their employees, might be brought into line by having to toe the arbitration mark, and having to plead their case in the Judicial Court for Trades Disputations that they themselves had set up. The matter was broached, and certain governments, foremost among whom was the Federal, anxious to dodge and escape their responsibilities, consented. Australia then enjoyed the spectacle of seeing her government departments 'pulled up' before the tribunal by organizations of state employees, and compelled to plead that the financial necessities of the country, drought, civil calamities, falling revenue, would not allow of the granting of such rises as the public servants demanded.

Hereupon the Court promptly told the government that it had absolutely nothing to do with the condition of its revenue or the impossibility of raising the money by taxation. It was there to consider the justice or advisability of granting these subordinates their increases. Of course the increases were usually granted. It is so easy for a

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public servant to prove his right to a rise, especially if that right be based on his 'requirements.' It is also so easy for an Arbitration Court to grant men everything they want when the Court has not to fulfill the unpleasant duty of finding the money. And now the shrewder men among Australia's politicians are commencing to see that to be logical they ought to allow the Arbitration Court to decide on the taxation of the country, as the said body now settles how much the country shall spend. As an example of what may happen under this crazy system, let me quote a Queensland example. On one occasion, about three years ago, the railway employees decided to take the department before the Court on the question of wages. The Queensland railways had lost in the preceding financial year, roughly, a million pounds — an enormous loss for a country with a population of only six hundred and seventy thousand. Nevertheless, the State Arbitration Court promptly raised wages and improved conditions to the extent of some four hundred thousand, to the great joy of messieurs, the appellants. As to the public, well, in the elegant language of a certain Vanderbilt, 'The public be damned!'; the Arbitration Court was not instituted to consider the case of the public or the woes of the taxpayer. In this way constitutional government has been completely undermined. If any outside body can settle the wages of the state's employees irrespective of the treasurer and the state of the treasury, then why worry about having a treasurer at all? Why should a minister trouble about effecting economies or reforms in a public department when he knows quite well that an exterior power will fix the wages and allowances of the state's officials quite irrespective of the country's income or of its taxable potentialities?

In a word, then, arbitration in Australia has proved a gigantic failure. It has failed because the workers themselves have been disloyal to a great and noble principle. It has failed also because Australia's Governments, State and Federal, have been principally composed of peddling politicians who have never dared and never tried to enforce obedience to law and recalcitrant unions. And, lastly, it has failed in a bigger sense because it has been used as a bludgeon to break down ministerial control and public expenditure. Arbitration was intended to be used as a weapon to protect the weak against the aggressions of greed; to obviate the need for the old barbarous redress of strikes; but it was never designed to be used as a machine to break up the whole fabric of responsible government.

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[*Journal de Genève* (Liberal Democratic Daily), *December 30, 1919*]

GALICIA — THE LATEST VICTIM

In the review of his foreign policies, which Mr. Clemenceau lately gave in the French Parliament, he reported that he had secured the removal of the limitations previously placed upon Poland's mandates over Galicia. In pointing out the advantages of this new arrangement, the Premier was not able to repress some glow of satisfaction at this little personal victory. After months of sterile discussion, he has, in fact, been able to triumph over Mr. Lloyd George in this matter. He has thereby won the gratitude of the Poles.

The problem of Galicia is, therefore, settled for the time being. But the question of principle continues as urgent and important as ever. For, in subjecting the country of the Ruthenians to the same sinister and notorious kind of government that formerly reigned in Warsaw, Poland is forgetting utterly the bitter lessons that its own history teaches. Scarcely escaped from slavery itself, it aspires to enslave others. Will the country see its blunder in time, and not invite, sooner or later, the inevitable and implacable revenge of justice?

The fortunes of the Ruthenians of the ancient Austro-Hungarian monarchy are one of the most pitiful chapters in contemporary history. Exploited and oppressed by the Hapsburg Government, exploited and oppressed even more heartlessly by the Polish landed nobility, unable to make their voices heard anywhere, this little nation of mountaineers and peasants has none the less preserved in its deepest misery a profound sense of its national unity and ancient descent. Generous and industrious, the people represent one of the best balanced types of the great Slav family. The grace and charm of its lyric poetry, its native taste and dreamy fervor of sentiment mark a race of exceptional endowment. Having preserved intact its national qualities through centuries of serfdom, it was entitled to hope that it might now have the opportunity of exerting an influence in the progress and culture of Western Europe. The only thing it needed was liberty. That liberty is the very thing denied it to-day for purely strategic and military reasons.

Before the war, the instinctive sympathies of the Ruthenian people allied them in spirit with their close blood kinsmen of Little Russia, who, like themselves, were kept in isolation and ignorance. Repellant as it must have been, they were forced by their governors to take up arms against these brethren. In that respect, they were in much the same position as the Polish peasantry on opposite sides of the border. But the Poles had their representatives to plead their case at Berlin, and Vienna, and Paris. The Ruthenians, however, had no champions at court. Courageous and resigned victims of fate, their only rôle was to be food for cannon.

Then came the erection of a Ukrainian Government in Russia. The effect upon their brethren in Galicia was profound. It was for them the rising sun of liberty — the dawn, still distant, it is true, but, nevertheless, throwing its radiance through their prison bars. Hope returned to their hearts.

Then followed the disintegration of Austria. At once the whole nation rose. It was almost the first to organize and take possession of its native territory. A Ruthenian National Council was organized. The inspiring principles proclaimed by President Wilson aroused in these simple and trusting hearts extraordinary enthusiasm, and you

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find among these peasants many men who know by rote and can repeat to you the fourteen points, as if they were the verses of the Evangels. But their joy was brief. The Poles to the northward threw themselves upon Galicia intent upon annexation. The Bolsheviki pressed on them from the east. The Hungarians even prepared to scale the Carpathian passes. Unable to defend themselves from these attacks on every side, the new government rallied all its forces against Poland, the most implacable of its enemies. Then we had the epic struggle where Lemberg was the prize — a struggle in which the little, improvised army of the Galicians performed veritable prodigies against adversaries superior in numbers, organization, and equipment.

It was under these sad auspices that on January 3, 1919, the Ruthenian Government of Galicia signed a Treaty of Union with the Russian Ukraine taking for its title, 'Western Province of the Ukraine.' The twin republics thus allied were able to check the Polish army and to break the Bolshevist offensive from the east, which had the ambitious design of joining the military forces of Trotzky and with those of Bela Kun. Naturally, the Ruthenians expected that this service would win them the gratitude of the Entente. But in vain. The decision of the Conference was already cut and dried.

Indeed, a secret agreement was previously in effect between Poland and Roumania to establish a common frontier. French diplomacy was behind this project. What was feared in the first place was direct contact between Czecho-Slovakia and Russia. The case of Ukraine, moreover, was poorly advocated. The appeals of the Ruthenians were coldly received. The government which had its headquarters at that time in Stanislavof, was refused the opportunity to present its case. The discussion of the question in the Supreme Council was a farce.

Under these conditions the unhappy outcome was inevitable. Exposed to the calumnies of its adversaries and the silent hostility of the Allies, the young government sustained by the united will of the nation continued to resist till its last breath. The combined forces of Poland, Roumania, and the Bolsheviki, reinforced by epidemic and famine, were not able to subdue its determination. It was not until the army of Haller, organized in France ostensibly for the purpose of fighting German Imperialism, was called in to give the *coup de grâce* to the panting and struggling victim that its efforts ceased.

In order to justify a decision which constitutes a direct denial of justice the Paris diplomats appeal to strategic arguments. But in doing this they confess the failure of the beautiful principles of which they heralded themselves the champions. At the very moment when they were proclaiming the right of people to determine their own political destiny, they were coldheartedly sacrificing six million souls who gave promise of a brilliant national future. And by a stroke of irony, the henchman ordered to carry out this sentence is one of the victims of the same policies in the past — a victim that only a moment ago won its own freedom.

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[*Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger* (Conservative Daily), *January 9, 1920*]

A GERMAN IMPRESSION OF PARIS

BY MARK VIKTOR

PARIS (late in December).— This has been a sad Christmas season for the German people. The iron fist of the Entente lies heavily upon our country, and old and young alike contemplate the future with dismay. A person conscious of the misery which oppresses our countrymen like a nightmare, who knows at first hand the want and suffering of our weeping women and children, and whose joy during this festival of love and reconciliation is turned to bitterness by these facts, may easily be tempted to believe that Germany is the only country that suffers from the results of the war, and that in the land of the victors everything is joy and delight. That is by no means true. Paris is the soul of France — yes — we can still say it is France, and Paris is far from being what it was before the war.

Even the outer aspect of the city reveals the mighty change between the old days and the present. The shops and restaurants and cafés,— in short, all the places where the gay life of Paris formerly centred — are to-day nearly empty. Even on Montmartre, which prior to the war was the favorite haunt of Paris gayety, where from eight o'clock on, a flood of light fairly blinded the visitor and a carefree crowd thronged around the entrances of the cabarets and dance halls, to-day everything is dark and empty. A couple of lights glow mournfully in the half darkness, struggling faintly to beat back the encroaching obscurity and illumining now and then a solitary seeker after pleasure. In the restaurants and bars you see nothing of that defiantly carefree night life which characterizes Berlin, where champagne flows in rivers and war profiteers lavish their easily won wealth. The sober citizens of Paris are too sensible and frugal to pay forty or fifty francs for a bottle of champagne. They sit placidly in their cafés drinking a glass of Bock and smoking a cigarette. A stranger coming from Berlin involuntarily inquires whether the world is not standing on its head, and the old Prussian thrift and frugality have not been, by some miracle, transplanted to Paris, and the old Paris gayety and thoughtlessness of the morrow may not have become a changeling in the cradle of the Prussian people.

Indeed, the Parisian is no frivolous *bon vivant* any longer. Paris is suffering under those modern plagues of Egypt — coal famine and high prices. The trains run at infrequent and irregular intervals. The underground and tram services are curtailed, and busses have become a rarity. Even the best hotels are uncomfortably cold. Prices have risen tremendously. For instance, a pair of shoes costs 125 francs, a simple lace blouse 80 to 90 francs. These are prices beyond the reach of ordinary Germans, with exchange what it is at present, and they also are out of reach of the average Parisian.

Neither is the political horizon calculated to give the people of Paris

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particularly optimistic hopes for the future. France fears Germany in spite of its victory and the glorious peace of Versailles, and dread of Teutonic vengeance disturbs its soundest slumbers. This explains the bitter hatred the French feel for anything in the least German. All strangers arriving from Germany are under the special observation of agents of the Information Service. They are watched carefully and can never be sure that the secret police have not searched their luggage in their absence.

The only really gratifying feature of life in Paris is the excellent food situation. In this respect the city is in a truly enviable condition. The varied and sumptuous menus that one finds even in second-class hotels and restaurants seem to a guest coming from ill-nourished Berlin like a dream from the Arabian Nights. Moreover, the food in Paris, in spite of its variety and excellence, is relatively cheap. For instance, dinner of five courses, with cheese and dessert, costs only 10 francs. A person stopping at a middle class hotel on the American plan has his morning coffee, with bread and butter, a lunch of four courses, and a dinner of five courses, for 22.50 francs. Such ample portions of wonderful French white bread are served at every meal, that even a hearty eater leaves some to be carried back to the kitchen. The thought suggests itself that France would perform a great work of charity if it would merely send the crumbs from its table to the starving children of the Saxon mining districts and of Austria. But France is not ready yet for such great acts of generosity. Hatred of the 'Boche' dulls every feeling of humanity.

The Christmas display in the brilliant shops in Rue de la Paix and Rue Royal is at its best. Autos and taxis are parked in numbers before the entrances of the great shops, and ladies of the fashionable world, wrapped in costly furs, throng the portals. But in spite of the appearance of activity, the merchants of Paris complain that business is dull. No longer is the city flooded with Russian millionaires from Petrograd and Moscow, from the Volga lands and the wilds of Siberia, who used to be such generous patrons of the luxurious shops of the city on the Seine. Their place has been taken partly by Fifth Avenue beauties escorted by smoothly-shaven gentlemen from across the water. With a shrewd smile, they profit by the fall in French exchange to purchase at unprecedently low prices.

Paris is suffering from a scarcity of dwellings, and it is now very difficult to find accommodations for a family in that city. Yet, the situation in this respect is not so bad as in Berlin, where every hotel and boarding house is overfilled and where a newcomer runs serious danger of not finding any accommodations whatever. You can always count upon getting at least a room in Paris, not only in the expensive and palatial hotels, but even in those of more modest rank. The city still has the service of its underground and electric trains and auto busses and taxis. The latter dash through the streets at a speed which we do not permit in Berlin, even since the revolution. They excel our Berlin taxis in another conspicuous respect. The chauffeurs do not arbitrarily exact a small fortune from any stranger who falls into their clutches, but stick to the legal fares. Now and then you spy a cab rattling around a corner, but such vehicles have become such rarities that you are tempted to fancy that all the cab horses of Paris were eaten during the war.

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[*La Dépêche de Toulouse* (Conservative Socialist Daily), *January 3, 1920*]

AMERICA CAUTIONS FRANCE

ONCE previously America gave us to understand that its aid would be conditional upon our mending our ways.

In the midst of the war, when these good Yankees, with their religious-minded fervor, were depriving themselves of white bread in order to send us wheat, their soldiers discovered with profound surprise that we were not rationing ourselves. Our bakeries and cake shops were packed with customers, and our light-hearted French had adopted the paradox of eating cakes when bread was scarce — for our war bread was execrable because so much wheat flour was used for pastries. It required the insistence of America to force the government to issue bread cards.

This lesson has not taught us wisdom. As soon as the worst crisis was over, we reopened our cake shops. Naturally, the quality of our bread at once deteriorated, and uncertainty immediately arose as to whether we should have flour enough to last until the next harvest. We elect, in other words, to eat our crops before they are ripe.

We have had plenty of warning. We know that we cannot count too much upon America. Moreover, exchange is so low that we shall buy of that country at ruinous rates, provided it will supply us at any price.

The government, persistently improvident, in place of renewing the bread cards, stopping the waste of flour, and preventing the peasants from feeding our precious wheat to their animals — now that it is costing them less than oats — is counting upon the increase of prices to restrict consumption. Naturally, such a policy has its effect among the poor. But the rich continue to batten in plenty.

There is not enough milk for infants and invalids, but there are plenty of portly and well-conditioned people who gorge themselves with cream. That young lady needs it to preserve her complexion, and so she wastes for vanity what might preserve the lives of the ill-nourished children of the slums. In order to supply fat veal for gourmands, calves are still raised on milk.

We are told that coal is not to be had. One might question the truth of this at Paris, where the theatres and ball rooms and the drawing rooms of the wealthier quarters are brilliantly lighted. Meantime, the trams cease running because electric power companies have not coal to heat their boilers. Workingmen, forced to cover long distances on foot, receive at least this compensation, that in the drinking places along the way there is no lack either of light or of alcohol.

The trouble is, the government does not dare trespass upon private privilege; and it is a private privilege to waste coal and bread and milk. It cannot bring itself to impose restrictions of any kind, least of all, upon consumption.

We find everywhere this devotion to *laissez-faire*. The authorities proceed upon the principle that the free play of supply and demand will regulate our economic life so as to produce the greatest good for the greatest number. But what rational man to-day will accept as valid the assumption upon which this policy is based — that is, that unregulated commerce inevitably produces the best results for society?

But it is not this improvidence alone that America employs to justify refusing us assistance. Undoubtedly, our manner of living is confirming among our friends — and possibly among our

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enemies also — the accepted opinion that we are frivolous. We pass for a nation of juveniles who must be placated like babies, to whom their elders offer bonbons when they are in ill humor.

This time, the crisis is more serious. Everyone knows that our money continues to fall in value in spite of the satisfactory outcome of the election. Beyond question there are other reasons for our low exchange than the fact that we import more than we export — for our franc is worth only forty centimes in Switzerland, although we sell that country more than we buy from it.

The truth is that we have too many bank notes in circulation and that the government is unwilling to have them flow back into the coffers of the bank of France, which would destroy them. Our friends give us very explicit advice. We shall have no more credit until we rally enough courage to do what our allies have done — tax heavily war profits, and, if necessary, capital.

It is too obvious to require discussion, that these bank notes, issued in such profusion during the war, which other countries do not want, ought to return to the government. The government should get them where they have accumulated in largest quantities, that is to say, from the people who profited by the war.

But the government turns a deaf ear to this advice. In reply to these appeals and cautions it declares that it is going to emit a great loan — with the certain result of adding to our already overwhelming burden of debt and thereby lowering our credit with lenders. And lest that be not enough, new taxes on consumption are proposed — five sous upon letters, for instance, as if increasing postage was not itself a check upon business.

However, we are dealing with a nation even more obstinate than we are, and America, apparently, is resolved to teach us common sense. Its Puritan zeal inspires it to give us a moral lesson. Apparently, its aid will only be forthcoming when we destroy the bank notes with which we have gorged the pockets of a few public malefactors. Let there be no mistake. The last elections have been in a sense a Godsend to these latter good apostles.'

I am curious to see how the government is going to get out of the dilemma and satisfy its creditors abroad at the same time that it satisfies the people who have just put it in power.

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[*The Times* (Northcliffe Press), *January 18, 1920*]

WHY THE LABOR PARTY GROWS

BY SIR LYNDEN MACASSEY

To study the workings and machinations of the public mind is a matter of absorbing interest and of prime importance in the modern democratically-organized community. The trained observer can without much difficulty detect their inner meaning; they are invariably symptomatic of the well-being, contentment, and progress of the people. When tiny straws can show you which way the wind is blowing, it is surely an unstatesmanlike proceeding to sit still until a hurricane blast impresses you with a knowledge of the air it springs from by sweeping you and other obstacles out of its path.

There are many straws to-day traveling before a breeze of unvarying direction, all showing with consistency the set of public opinion. At times, as at recent by-elections, quite a summer gale has blown, and large fragments of the political machine have been torn up, carried away, and seen no more. Every sign of the weather suggests that the wind is steadily deepening in weight.

No one who comes in contact with his fellow citizens can fail to realize the deepening sense of public dissatisfaction that pervades the mind of every section of the people. How it expresses itself at political meetings I do not know; it, apparently, however, is making its mark upon the ballot box; but I have experience of the reasons which are advanced for its existence at large meetings of thoughtful men and women, who in increasing number are meeting throughout the country to discuss social and economic problems, with no eye upon the political barometer, in no partisan spirit; critically, it is true, but solely to advance the common welfare.

The chief impression left upon one's mind after such a gathering is the completeness with which one lesson has been learned from the war. All respect for political parties, creeds, and shibboleths has vanished. They carry to-day with the ordinary man no value whatever. One favorite subject of irony, at times, of sarcasm, is the eager anxiety of so many people to assure their supporters, that it was really at the sacrifice of private conviction to public expediency that they came forward as nominees of the Coalition Government to show the road to national prosperity and happiness. But when it comes to private conviction, to a convincing exposition of the requisite measures of social and industrial reform — *vox et prœterea nihil*.

The truth is that the present Coalition Government has no considered policy whatsoever to deal with the many home questions that are uppermost in the mind of everybody. I am bold enough to assert there is not in existence at this moment in government or official circles even what faintly approaches a thought-out scheme — nothing but a lot of haphazard Cabinet decisions upon particular ills that have forced themselves from time to time by violent ebullitions on the notice of the government, but which, even if removed from their

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isolated and lonely positions on the Cabinet minutes, and welded into one continuous document, would afford in no sense a considered, constructive, comprehensive policy.

If one reads aright authoritative utterances, the government is disposed to resent the constantly reiterated demand for a social and industrial policy. Why it should be assumed that such a demand, or criticism of failure to accede to it, must essentially be due to political animosity or rancor is a little difficult to appreciate. Surely that is a wholly unreasonable view to take of the position. The nation came after great tribulation, both public and private, through the greatest trial of its history. It came through solely by reason of its unity, and the strength which unity begets, and under the hope of finally attaining that reconstructed social and industrial life which was promised, and by some enthusiastic and irresponsible devotees of the Coalition promised much too lavishly. A pitiless refusal often works less social detriment than an impracticable promise. At the same time, within the limits of economic practicability, improved social conditions are long overdue; in many stratifications of the community that was regarded, and is still regarded, as the only adequate recompense for the impoverishment and bereavements resulting from the war. Since the conclusion of the war that sentiment has enormously increased in force, especially among the middle classes.

Promises always are a poor substitute for policy; when unfulfilled they bring a well-recognized retribution. Over and over again, throughout the war, did that Nemesis unveil itself. Once the government indicates its object in general, perhaps in rhetorically generous phraseology, and delays to formulate its policy, other people will soon repair that ill-advised omission. All sorts of policies will appear — doctrinaire and revolutionary as well as evolutionary, and be justified as means to remedy an admitted evil. The natural and proper reluctance of the government to express approval of or sympathy with, still less to adopt any of them, is construed in the absence of a national policy as an attempt by the government to repudiate its original intentions. There will never be wanting persons to suggest all kinds of motives.

One immediate result of there being no government social and industrial policy is that large numbers of persons are definitely withdrawing their support from the Coalition and are ranging themselves with Labor, which has a policy, be it right or wrong; which is not afraid to state it and put it up to open criticism, nor openly to meet such criticism when it is advanced, and which has among its spokesmen persons who are personally conversant with, and have made a study of, social and industrial conditions. This is the explanation of what is happening today. There is, unhappily, little critical and dispassionate examination of the policy to which the secession has taken place; enough it is that there is a policy, and, therefore, evidence of an honest intention to set about the inauguration of that new social era which the government promised — and then left there.

Good reasons there may be, and no doubt are, for the government's neglect of our pressing social and industrial questions. The urgency of the international details of the Peace Treaty must necessarily have withdrawn not merely the attention but the attendance of Ministers from home affairs. But foreign affairs, unfortunately, do not figure largely in the mental outlook of the average man; where they do, it

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is Russia, and in regard to that there is an unmistakable consensus of opinion that there has been a serious lack of government foresight and of judgment. The two home achievements of the government on the tongues of most are housing and coal. If the government itself is satisfied with them, its right to be so will form the subject of a determined challenge.

There are only two outstanding achievements of real industrial promise. The first is the scheme for considering and regulating railwaymen's wages, which for the first time recognizes the interest of the public in wage matters; the second is the new Industrial Court. As for the rest of the government's industrial programme — the two bills now pending in Parliament for minimum wages and hours of work — the former, in the view of most competent critics, is unworkable and valueless. Its object, which is admirable, can never be attained under the bill in its present form, the machinery of which will be a constant source of irritation and unsettlement.

What reason led to the adoption of the machinery of the Minimum Rates of Wages Commission Bill, which proved a failure in Australia, and to the rejection of the system of industrial Trade Boards under a Central Trade Board, which proved successful in Australia, will, no doubt, later form a subject for inquiry. If one dispassionately surveys the past fifteen months, it is patent to all that there has been no ordered and constructive attempt whatever to build a new social and industrial edifice, but merely an opportunist process of patching a building supported insecurely on an old and rickety foundation.

What the country most earnestly desires is a new social and industrial edifice, not raised with bricks stolen from one and labor forced from another, but one which, under the inspiration and leadership of an energetic government, every member of the community, fairly and justly according to his ability, will work of his best to build. The name of the government is unimportant; its political texture is a matter of indifference, its historical lineage wholly immaterial.

There is no more encouraging feature at the present moment than the readiness of the country to support any government, apart from any political ticket, which honestly and steadfastly sets before itself a definite policy of social and industrial reform of economic practicability. The country does not want to be plunged into the turmoil of a general election if that can be avoided; but only those within the government know what are the obstacles that prevent the formulation and execution of a policy to give effect to the government's earlier professions. Rumor in well-informed circles is rife. Whether a change of name and a shuffling of the cards will remove those obstacles, only those among the elect can conjecture with any approach to probability.

One thing, however, can be asserted with absolute confidence: The country regards with deep and growing concern the frittering away of that spirit of national unity and coöperation which, having carried it through the troubles of war, was hailed by the government as the irresistible flood to bear the country on to the full blessings of peace. That enough of the spirit to do so has yet survived the disintegrating influences of government indecision is obvious, if only given by the government at once a definite social and industrial policy to foster and to forward. Ideals such as those which are now happily actuating great masses of the people will not be suppressed.

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[*Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger* (Conservative Daily), *January 5, 1920*]

THE EMIGRATION SWINDLE

BY VICTOR OTTMANN

It is easy to understand why a great many Germans, either for business reasons or because they are disillusioned and embittered by the misfortunes that have befallen their government and people, desire to start life again in a new country. The prevalence of this sentiment makes it more important than ever to caution those who are weary of their native land against hasty action. First of all, serious obstacles lie in the way of successful emigration, just at present. Most countries do not wish Germans, or are willing to receive only those skilled in particular trades and professions. As a rule, they do not wish any but farmers and mechanics, and those in limited numbers. Even countries that say they are glad to receive German emigrants attach many conditions to their welcome. In the second place, the low value of German money abroad is an exceedingly serious handicap. No one should contemplate leaving the country without some capital. But to-day, a few thousand marks in German paper amount to practically nothing as soon as you cross the border. They hardly pay one's passage on the steamer. For example, a steerage passage from Europe to South America when converted into German money costs two thousand marks or more. As the situation is at present, the Imperial Emigration Office, which acts as an adviser to prospective emigrants, is obliged to discourage most of the applicants who come to it for counsel. Its principal business just now is to dissuade Germans from embarking upon such adventures with inadequate means, and from going to countries where they will not be welcome or where they are not likely to be able to earn a living. The office is also kept busy warning intending emigrants against the swindlers who are taking advantage of the prevalent desire to get out of the country in order to deceive their victims.

This emigration swindle is not a new thing. It is as old as emigration itself. The reason we heard so little of it before the war was that only a few Germans desired to emigrate. It has become an evil for our nation, because emigration is reviving.

Let us take a brief glance at the methods of these free-booters. They generally operate a firm with a name likely to inspire confidence, such as 'New Germania,' or, 'South American Settlers' Association.' Skillful and unscrupulous advertising brings such a firm a host of inquiries, so that the postal authorities are sometimes embarrassed in handling them. The inquirers always receive a courteous reply accompanied by printed matter portraying the land where they contemplate settling in the most glowing colors. The soil is of unexampled fertility; living conditions are ideal. There are brilliant opportunities for accumulating a fortune with a very small initial capital. The details are given with the greatest precision, accompanied by convincing statistics

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and excellent illustrations. There seems no doubt as to the facts. Further inquiries result in the conditions of settlement being stipulated. A few thousand marks deposited insures title to a tract of land of a certain area. One half must be paid down in cash. The applicant makes his deposit, then he is put off for a short time under various pretexts, only to learn at last that the members of the firm have disappeared leaving no trace behind them. The number of persons swindled in this way is very large.

Another class of swindlers works so skillfully that the dishonesty of their practices is more difficult to detect. Many of these make a profession of organizing coöperative emigration societies. The thing looks perfectly fair on the surface. First of all, a circle of interested persons is formed. Lectures are given and also lessons in the language of the country to which they are to emigrate. The promoter, who is naturally the chairman, is very conservative in his statements about the country to which he desires to attract attention. Little by little, the circle enlarges. One by one the participants begin to purchase shares in the enterprise. These entitle them to an allotment in the tract of land that is to be owned in common. These shares are, of course, absolutely worthless, for the 'plantation' to which they refer does not exist. Many of these swindlers manage to keep within the law. Not only that, but they sometimes come well recommended. For instance, such a swindler in Nuremberg achieved great success in his operations because he had recommendations from the Vatican. The recommendations were genuine, the Papal approval having been obtained through some incomprehensible deception.

The operations of these unscrupulous swindlers are made very easy by the confiding disposition of many of the people who desire to leave Germany, and by their astonishing ignorance of geography. Scarcely one person in ten takes the trouble to verify the fantastic tales that are told him, either by looking up the facts in books or by making personal inquiries of people directly familiar with the region in which he is interested. Consequently, one of the most important duties of the Imperial Emigration Office is to protect our people from such deception, and to afford them authoritative information about other countries. No one should trust to an emigration agent, or settlement promoter, no matter how well recommended he may be, without first making direct inquiry of the government.

Besides these, there are little swindlers, who content themselves with establishing 'Information Offices,' from which, for a small fee, they send inquirers unreliable descriptions of countries in which they are interested, and equally misleading statements regarding steamship connections and travel costs. A firm of this kind in Innsbruck charges one hundred or one hundred and fifty marks for procuring a transit permit through Italy. The people who pay the fee are naturally unaware that the Italian military authorities readily grant such a permit without charge to any applicant.

Unscrupulous petty publishers also issue hastily compiled and worthless accounts of countries that chance to be at the moment popular with emigrants. Such books are sold in large numbers through the regular trade. Some language teachers also make a living at the expense of credulous country people who contemplated settling abroad, by promising a complete mastery of English, Spanish, or Portuguese in four weeks.

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[*Der Tag* (Conservative Daily), *December 18, 1919*]

A GERMAN IN CENTRAL AMERICA

BY CAPTAIN VON KNORR

COLON, November, 1919. — We have been here several days and have had an opportunity to converse with a number of the local residents. Our vessel touched in quick succession at La Guayra, in Venezuela, at the Dutch island of Curacao, at Baranquilla and Carthagena in Colombia, at Puerto Limon in Costa Rica, and finally at Colon, the eastern entrance of the Panama Canal. With our departure from each successive port the Spanish-American contingent among the passengers became larger. These people, as well as the local residents whom we met at every stopping place, showed a surprising friendliness for Germany. I could quote innumerable conversations showing this sentiment. The Catholic clergy seem to have exerted great influence in our favor. Entente atrocity tales receive little credence, except that traveled natives still talk about the terrors of the submarines. Expressions of admiration for German valor and endurance are frequently heard. The brutality of the Peace Treaty shocked the Spanish sense of knightly gallantry and fair play. However, in appraising the nature of this friendly political atmosphere as a practical asset for recovering German trade, we must not overlook the numerous business connections existing between the wealthier classes and the Allies, which counteract the hostility which other classes feel toward the Americans, and apparently particularly toward the English. Nor should we forget that the United States Government has bound these nations with financial fetters.

The Germans here are as successful in their local business relations as they are popular among the people. In spite of Entente discrimination against German goods our wares have not been displaced entirely and there is an eager desire for them now. Machinery, musical instruments, razors, optical goods, photographic articles, and medicines are in great demand. English merchants, as I know first hand, have on several occasions approached German merchants with business proposals in order to utilize the popularity of the latter in their own trade. The German goods displaced during the war were driven out by Japanese manufactures rather than those of the United States.

Before describing the situation as I find it in the Republic of Panama and the North American Canal Zone, let me say just a word as to the Republic of Costa Rica. Puerto Limon in that republic was our last stopping place before Colon. Conditions there are typical of those prevailing in practically every Central American state.

First of all, President Tinoco broke off diplomatic relations with Germany during the war against the express wishes of the mass of the people. Notwithstanding this, he has recently been ejected from the country with the indirect help of the United States and does not enjoy Wilson's favor. The result is that Costa Rica was not represented at the Peace Conference, and will be forced to conclude a separate peace with Germany. We may feel assured that the new treaty will be quite as favorable to our country as the old one.

At present, the Americans are trying to drive our remaining business interests out of the country. The head of this movement is the American Fruit Company, a corporation employing mainly British capital. It con-

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trols the banana monopoly, owns its own plantations, and has an excellent fleet of steamers and an extensive system of warehouses. This company practically rules the eastern half of Costa Rica through its large staff of employees, and is, in effect, a political agent of the American Government. It made the improvements at Puerto Limon that have caused that place to become the principal harbor in the republic. German business interests here, as everywhere else in Central America, are centred primarily in trade and only to a secondary extent in plantations. Americans and Englishmen control the railways, steamship lines, and mining. The representatives of those countries have big capital behind them, while the Germans in Central America are mostly men who started with modest means. Naturally, the war has greatly impaired the fortunes of the latter. The American Fruit Company supplied goods to German merchants for a time when stocks from their own country began to dwindle. However, the black list, and later America's declaration of war, ended that. So our people could procure no goods, with the exception of a few Japanese wares. Last of all, our merchants had to meet the crushing competition of the American Fruit Company, whose gigantic capital enabled it to sell goods below cost, if necessary, to drive them out of business.

Nevertheless, the German colony survived after a fashion, on account of its plantations and the tremendous prices obtained for coffee and cocoa.

What I have been saying of Costa Rica applies with minor local qualifications to the situation of Germans throughout Central America. The capital of our enemies has been greatly strengthened by the tremendous sums they earned during the war, on account of their control of transportation, and the tremendous rise of prices. They have drawn enormous profits from their mines. If German capitalists plan mining ventures in Spanish America after the war, they had better keep away from this field, already so fully occupied. There are better prospects for them in Colombia.

One element in the situation, which we must constantly keep in view, is the chronic state of revolution that prevails in several of these countries. The only exceptions are the Republic of Panama and Nicaragua. The United States maintains garrisons in both of these nominally independent governments. American capitalist interests are behind this political unrest and insist upon having administrations in power who are in their own pay. The fact that the revolutions are permitted to continue, indicates that the government at Washington does not consider these little republics as fruit ripe enough to pick.

The political passivity of the *mestizo* population, its poverty and its sparseness, prevent these countries offering effective resistance to foreign usurpation. Financially, they are entirely at the mercy of the United States. American bankers have bought up practically all the metallic currency, in order to profit by the rising value of silver, and have shipped it to their own country. As a result, American currency is gradually taking the place of the national currency of the different republics. Shortly before my arrival, seven hundred thousand dollars of local silver had been sent to North America from Panama alone. No one has ventured to protest against such measures, except when the recent president of Costa Rica tried to do a little profitable business in the same line. The new government made representations about this, and his consignment of currency was seized in New York. However, it was

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not shipped back, but melted down. The president, who had conspired with some North American bankers to rob his own country, could make no objection since he could prove no legal title to the property.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Liberal Daily), *January 13, 1920*]

RUSSIAN INTRIGUE IN BERLIN

A Russian refugee, whom I met on the street the other day, still smiling with relief at having escaped from the chaos in his own country, said: 'We are now in the real capital of Russia.' Indeed, there is a large Russian colony in Berlin to-day, consisting of thirty or forty thousand of the bourgeoisie from Moscow and Kieff. Associated with them is an intellectual proletariat of students, former government officials, and professional men. These latter did not succeed, like their wealthier compatriots, in getting out of the country with their property at the first intimation of Bolshevist success, but arrived later, one by one, usually after several hair-breadth escapes during their flight. Russian students' caps and the wide Russian officers' cockades are familiar to us now. We often meet overcoats that betray their origin in the brown cloak of a Russian soldier. The Russian language is so frequently heard that your true Berliner no longer notices it.

All these refugees feel themselves exiles. They all look forward to a speedy change in their own country and wait in impatient expectancy for its occurrence. So, Berlin harbors within its borders a second city — a Russian Berlin, with its own life and labor, its own leisure and pleasures. At the same time, Berlin embraces a Russian political centre, laboring assiduously to shape the future political constitution and international relations of its country.

The provisional character of this capital is revealed in all its institutions. There is a regular Russian theatre and there are Russian balls attended principally by sugar barons from Kieff. There are little, exclusive, social cliques. The Russians do not form 'vereins' like the Germans. A Russian Relief Society, founded at the outbreak of the war to take care of people who were cut off from their country by the suddenness of that event, has a subordinate place in the social life of this transient settlement. After the Bolshevist ambassador, Joffe, was sent home in the spring of 1919, a committee was formed to represent the interest of Russian citizens in their relations with the German government. This committee was unofficially recognized by Germany. It is authorized to issue emergency passports, and it furnishes relief to its members' destitute fellow countrymen. However, the character of the committee, whose chairman was a former attaché of the old Russian embassy, quickly appeared. It was an outright reactionary, anti-Semite body, that would grant no relief to Jews, and that fostered reactionary propaganda. It controlled the *Prysyv* (Alarum), a Russian monarchial paper printed in Berlin.

The political character of this Russian colony is indicated by its division

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into parties grouped around different Russian newspapers. There are three of these — the *Vremya* (Times), the *Golos Rossiye* (Voice of Russia), and the *Prisyv*, which we have just mentioned. Naturally, they are all friendly to Germany. It could hardly be otherwise with papers published at our National Capital. Apparently, also, they have received financial support in Germany, something that was not absolutely indispensable. However, the latter fact is relatively unimportant from a newspaper point of view; for these papers will cease to exist as soon as Bolshevism is overthrown in Russia, or freedom of the press is restored there. It is important, however, as showing the friendly sentiment to Germany prevailing among the Russian bourgeoisie, whether reactionary or democratic.

This Russian colony in Berlin certainly favors a very different policy from that espoused by the Russians of Paris, who have committed themselves without reserve to the programme of the Entente. The antagonism between these two parties became manifest when General Mankievicz, the representative of the Russian Red Cross sent from Paris, tried to arouse sympathy for his Entente policies among the Russian officers in Berlin, who had experienced the hostility of Bolshevism in their own persons and regarded Germany as their savior. The visiting general got very little sympathy here.

Consequently, these Berlin Russians raised no objection because *Vremya*, a rather neutral newspaper, was associated with the well-known German war paper, the *Continental Times;* or because the clean, although not very ably edited democratic newspaper, the *Golos Rossiye*, is financed with German and half-Russian private capital, and in the early days of its publication, Kolyschko, a man pilloried by Milukof in the Duma as a German spy, was connected with its staff. These Russian bourgeois circles, interested as they are in close commercial relations between Germany and Russia, have never sympathized with the programme of the Paris Economic Conference, and they are quite content that German manufacturers should promote a resumption of commerce between the two countries by every legitimate means. This is the case with the *Golos Rossiye*, which now advocates a Menshevist Social-Democratic policy, while at the same time trying to rally to its standard all the democratic elements of Russia without distinction of party — an editorial policy obviously uninfluenced by the business circles that are financing its publisher. In the same way, *Prisyv* — whose relations with the Pre-War German-Russian Union and its director, Busemann, are not denied — owes its immediate origin to people who were interested solely in promoting closer commercial relations between the two countries. However, this paper has gradually adopted a definite international programme. Our recent Baltic adventure had an effect upon its attitude, and it is safe to assume that what occurred in that region was an outcome of policies concocted in Berlin.

In considering the part these newspapers and their supporters are to play in the future relations of Germany and Russia, we need no longer pay much attention to such past incidents. Many of the charges handed down from those days would be hard to prove, and, indeed, entirely evade verification. The Recruiting Campaign among the Russian war prisoners is one of these episodes. Recruiting Bureaus were established in Berlin to get soldiers for Judenitsch's campaign against the Bolsheviki. Russian officers, acting in behalf of Denikin, have

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conducted propaganda here, with the active support of German military authorities. The Information Bureau of the Berlin Military Department, which is controlled by old Prussian officers, was certainly in intimate touch with these representatives of the Russian forces opposed to Bolshevism. Though it has not been proved, it may be assumed, that the money for this propaganda was supplied by German manufacturing interests.

Here is where *Prisyv* unmasks itself as a partisan of both Russian and German reaction. It ardently espoused the cause of Bermondt-Avalof in the Baltic affair. In place of fighting Bolshevism, which was the task originally proposed for Prince Lieven, it interested itself in the monarchial adventures of Colonel Bermondt. England interfered and the latter project failed. However, this little incident is important, for as everyone knows, it was the first effort — although an unwise and ineffective one — to combine the monarchial movements in Germany and Russia. It is obvious that unofficial favor toward such attempts on the part of the military and ruling classes of Germany, would soon be converted into active intervention, if strong Russian forces could be rallied in their support, and if intervention in Russia did not endanger the young German Republic itself. The 'Russian Capital' in Berlin is debating this possibility with lively interest both from the Russian and from the German point of view.

[*The Athenæum*]

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF WISHING FOR THINGS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

In the study of human behavior two opposite methods are possible. We may observe from the outside, as we should observe the fall of a stone or an eclipse of the sun; or we may take note of what introspection reveals when we are behaving in a certain manner. The former method is that practised by the school who call themselves 'behaviorists,' who maintain that nothing can be scientifically known in psychology except what is shown in externally observable behavior. The latter is traditionally the method, *par excellence*, of psychology, and is recommended by Bergson as the basis of the sole valid method for all knowledge. For my part, while not prepared to reject introspection wholly, I believe it to be a very dangerous method, requiring much control, and giving much apparent knowledge which further study shows to be fallacious. In regard to desire, in particular, fallacies suggested by introspection appear to me to vitiate the theories both of orthodox psychologists and of ordinary people, and to hide facts which are easily visible when we begin with external observation.

The study of animals is in many ways the best preparation for the

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analysis of desire. In animals we are not troubled by the disturbing influence of ethical considerations. In dealing with human beings we are perpetually distracted by being told that such-and-such a view is gloomy or cynical or pessimistic: ages of human conceit have built up such a vast myth as to our wisdom and virtue that any intrusion of the mere scientific desire to know the facts is instantly resented by those who cling to comfortable illusions. But no one cares whether animals are virtuous or not, and no one is under the delusion that they are rational. Moreover, we do not expect them to be so 'conscious,' and are prepared to admit that their instincts prompt useful actions without any prevision of the ends which they achieve. For all these reasons, there is much in the analysis of mind which is more easily discovered by the study of animals than by the observation of human beings.

We all think that, by watching the behavior of animals, we can discover more or less what they desire. If this is the case — and I fully agree that it is — desire must be capable of being exhibited in actions, for it is only the actions of animals that we can observe. They *may* have minds in which all sorts of things take place, but we can know nothing about their minds except by means of inferences from their actions — and the more such inferences are examined, the more dubious they appear. It would seem, therefore, that actions alone must be the test of the desires of animals. From this it is an easy step to the conclusion that an animal's desire is nothing but a characteristic of a certain series of actions, namely, those which would be commonly regarded as inspired by the desire in question. And when it has been shown that this view affords a satisfactory account of animal desires, it is not difficult to see that the same explanation is applicable to the desires of human beings.

We judge easily from the behavior of an animal of a familiar kind whether it is hungry or thirsty or pleased or displeased or inquisitive or terrified. The verification of our judgment, so far as verification is possible, must be derived from the immediately succeeding actions of the animal. Most people would say that they infer first something about the animal's state of mind — whether it is hungry or thirsty and so on — and thence derive their expectations as to its subsequent conduct. But this détour through the animal's supposed mind is wholly unnecessary. We can say, simply: The animal's behavior during the last minute has had those characteristics which distinguish what is called 'hunger,' and it is likely that its actions during the next minute will be similar in this respect, unless it finds food, or is interrupted by a stronger impulse, such as fear. An animal which is hungry is restless, it goes to the places where food is often to be found, it sniffs with its nose or peers with its eyes or otherwise increases the sensitiveness of its sense organs; as soon as it is near enough to food for its sense organs to be affected, it goes to it with all speed, and proceeds to eat; after which, if the quantity of food has been sufficient, its whole demeanor changes: it may very likely lie down and go to sleep. These things and others like them are observable phenomena distinguishing a hungry animal from one which is not hungry. The characteristic mark by which we recognize a series of actions which display hunger is not the animal's mental state, which we cannot observe, but something in its bodily behavior; it is this observable trait in the bodily behavior that I

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am proposing to call 'hunger,' not some possibly mythical and certainly unknowable ingredient of the animal's mind.

Generalizing what occurs in the case of hunger, we may say that what we call a desire in an animal is always displayed in a cycle of actions having certain fairly well-marked characteristics. There is first a state of activity, consisting, with qualifications to be mentioned presently, of movements likely to have a certain result; these movements, unless interrupted, continue until the result is achieved, after which there is usually a period of comparative quiescence. A cycle of actions of this sort has marks by which it is broadly distinguished from the motions of dead matter. The most notable of these marks are (1) the appropriateness of the actions for the realization of a certain result, (2) the continuance of action until that result has been achieved. Neither of these can be pressed beyond a point. Either may be (*a*) to some extent present in dead matter, and (*b*) to a considerable extent absent in animals, while vegetables are intermediate, and display only a much fainter form of the behavior which leads us to attribute desire to animals.

(*a*) One might say that rivers 'desire' the sea: water, roughly speaking, remains in restless motion until it reaches either the sea or a place from which it cannot issue without going uphill, and, therefore, we might say that this is what it wishes while it is flowing. We do not say so, because we can account for the behavior of water by the laws of physics; and if we knew more about animals, we might equally cease to attribute desires to them, since we might find physical and chemical reactions sufficient to account for their behavior. (*b*) Many of the movements of animals do not exhibit the characteristics of the cycles which seem to embody desire. There are first of all the movements which are 'involuntary,' such as slipping and falling, where ordinary physical forces operate upon the animal's body almost as if it were dead matter. An animal which falls over a cliff may make a number of desperate struggles while it is in the air, but its centre of gravity will move exactly as it would if the animal were dead. In this case, if the animal is killed at the end of the fall, we have, at first sight, just the characteristics of a cycle of actions embodying desire, namely, restless movement, until the ground is reached, and then quiescence. Nevertheless, we feel no temptation to say that the animal desired what occurred, partly because of the obviously mechanical nature of the whole occurrence, partly because, when an animal survives a fall, it tends not to repeat the experience.

There may be other reasons also, but of them I do not wish to speak yet. Besides involuntary movements, there are interrupted movements, as when a bird, on its way to eat your best peas, is frightened away by the boy whom you are employing for that purpose. If interruptions are frequent and completion of cycles rare, the characteristics by which cycles are observed may become so blurred as to be almost unrecognizable. The result of these various considerations is that the differences between animals and dead matter, when we confine ourselves to external unscientific observation of integral behavior, are a matter of degree and not very precise. It is for this reason that it has always been possible for fanciful people to maintain that even stocks and stones have some vague kind of soul. The evidence that animals have souls is so very shaky that, if it is assumed to be conclusive, one might just as well go a step further

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and extend the argument by analogy to all matter. Nevertheless, in spite of vagueness and doubtful cases, the existence of cycles in the behavior of animals is a broad characteristic by which they are *prima facie* distinguished from ordinary matter; and I think it is this characteristic which leads us to attribute desires to animals, since it makes their behavior resemble what we do when (as we say) we are acting from desire.

I shall adopt the following definitions for describing the behavior of animals:

A 'behavior-cycle' is a series of voluntary or reflex movements of an animal, tending to cause a certain result, and continuing until that result is caused, unless they are interrupted by death, accident, or some new behavior-cycle. (Here 'accident' may be defined as the intervention of purely physical laws causing involuntary movements.)

The 'purpose' of a behavior-cycle is the result which brings it to an end, normally by a condition of temporary quiescence — provided there is no interruption.

An animal is said to 'desire' the purpose of a behavior-cycle while the behavior-cycle is in progress.

I believe these definitions to be adequate also to human purposes and desires, but for the present I am only occupied with animals and with what can be learned by external observation. I am very anxious that no ideas should be attached to the words 'purpose' and 'desire' beyond those involved in the above definitions.

We have not so far considered what is the nature of the initial stimulus to a behavior-cycle. Yet it is here that the usual view of desire seems on the strongest ground. The hungry animal goes on making movements until it gets food; it seems natural, therefore, to suppose that the idea of food is present throughout the process, and that the thought of the end to be achieved sets the whole process in motion. Such a view, however, is obviously untenable in many cases, especially where instinct is concerned. Take, for example, reproduction and the rearing of the young. Birds mate, build a nest, lay eggs in it, sit on the eggs, feed the young birds, and care for them until they are fully grown. It is totally impossible to suppose that this series of actions, which constitutes one behavior-cycle, is inspired by any prevision of the end, at any rate the first time it is performed. We must suppose that the stimulus to the performance of each act is an impulsion from behind, not an attraction from the future. The bird does what it does, at each stage, because it has an impulse to that particular action, not because it perceives that the whole cycle of actions will contribute to the preservation of the species. The same considerations apply to other instincts. A hungry animal feels restless, and is led by instinctive impulses to perform the movements which give it nourishment; but the act of seeking food is not sufficient evidence from which to conclude that the animal has the thought of food in its 'mind.'

Coming now to human beings, and to what we know about our own actions, it seems clear that what, with us, sets a behavior-cycle in motion is some sensation of the sort which we call disagreeable. Take the case of hunger. We have first an uncomfortable feeling inside, producing a disinclination to sit still, a sensitiveness to savory smells, and an attraction toward any food that there may be in our neighborhood. At any moment during this process we may become aware that we are hungry, in the sense of saying to ourselves, 'I am hungry'; but we may have been acting with reference

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to food for some time before this moment. While we are talking or reading, we may eat in complete unconsciousness; but we perform the actions of eating just as we should if we were conscious, and they cease when our hunger is appeased. What we call 'consciousness' seems to be a mere spectator of the process; even when it issues orders, they are usually, like those of a wise parent, just such as would have been obeyed even if they had not been given. This view may seem at first exaggerated, but the more our so-called volitions and their causes are examined, the more it is forced upon us. The part played by words in all this is complicated, and a potent source of confusions; but I shall ignore it for the present, since I am still concerned with primitive desire, as it exists in man, but in the form in which man shows his affinity to his animal ancestors.

Conscious desire is made up partly of what is essential to desire, partly of beliefs as to what we want; what is essential to primitive desire is not cognitive. The primitive non-cognitive element in desire seems to be a push, not a pull, an impulsion away from the actual, rather than an attraction toward the ideal. Certain sensations and other mental occurrences have a property which we call *discomfort;* these cause such bodily movements as are likely to lead to their cessation. When the discomfort ceases, or even when it appreciably diminishes, we have sensations possessing a property which we call *pleasure.* Pleasurable sensations either stimulate no action at all, or at most stimulate such action as is likely to prolong them. I shall return shortly to the consideration of what discomfort and pleasure are in themselves; for the present, it is their connection with action and desire that concerns us.

Hungry animals, we may suppose, experience sensations involving discomfort, and stimulating such movements as seem likely to bring them to the food which is outside the cages. When they have reached the food and eaten it, their discomfort ceases and their sensations become pleasurable. It *seems,* mistakenly, as if the animals had had this situation in mind throughout, when in fact they have been continually pushed by discomfort. And when an animal is reflective, like some men, it comes to think that it had the final situation in mind throughout; sometimes it comes to know what situation will bring satisfaction, so that, in fact, the discomfort does bring the thought of what will allay it. Nevertheless, the sensation involving discomfort remains the prime mover.

This brings us to the question of the nature of discomfort and pleasure. There are, broadly, three theories that might be held in regard to them. We may regard them as separate existing items in those who experience them, or we may regard them as intrinsic qualities of sensations and other mental occurrences, or we may regard them as mere names for the causal characteristics of the occurrences which are uncomfortable or pleasant. The first of these theories, namely, that which regards discomfort and pleasure as actual contents in those who experience them, has, I think, not much to be said in its favor, it is suggested chiefly by an ambiguity in the word 'pain,' which has misled many people, including Berkeley, whom it supplied with one of his arguments for subjective idealism. We may use 'pain' as the opposite of 'pleasure,' and 'painful' as the opposite of 'pleasant,' or we may use 'pain' to mean a certain sort of sensation, on a level with the sensations of heat and cold and touch. The latter use of the word has prevailed in psychological

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literature, and it is now no longer used as the opposite of 'pleasure.'

The confusion between discomfort and pain has made people regard discomfort as a more substantial thing than it is, and this in turn has reacted upon the view taken of pleasure, since discomfort and pleasure are evidently on a level in this respect. As soon as discomfort is clearly distinguished from the sensation of pain, it becomes more natural to regard discomfort and pleasure as properties of mental occurrences than to regard them as separate mental occurrences on their own account. I shall, therefore, dismiss the view that they are separate mental occurrences, and regard them as properties of such experiences as would be called respectively uncomfortable and pleasant.

It remains to be examined whether they are actual qualities of such occurrences, or are merely differences as to causal properties. I do not myself see any way of deciding this question; either view seems equally capable of accounting for the facts. If this is true, it is safer to avoid the assumption that there are such intrinsic qualities of mental occurrences as are in question, and to assume only the causal differences which are undeniable. Without condemning the intrinsic theory, we can define discomfort and pleasure as consisting in causal properties, and say only what will hold on either theory. Following this course, we shall say:

'Discomfort' is a property of a sensation or other mental occurrence, consisting in the fact that the occurrence in question stimulates voluntary or reflex movements tending to produce some more or less definite change involving the cessation of the occurrence.

'Pleasure' is a property of a sensation or other mental occurrence, consisting in the fact that the occurrence in question either does not stimulate any voluntary or reflex movement, or, if it does, stimulates only such as tend to prolong the occurrence in question.

These definitions need to be supplemented by a definition of the sort of movements that can be called 'voluntary' or 'reflex.' The movements of our bodies are of three sorts, mechanical, reflex, and voluntary. By a 'mechanical' movement I mean one which does not depend upon the special properties of nervous tissue. When a man falls over a precipice, his nervous tissue behaves as so much ponderable matter, except in so far as he struggles while in mid-air. Just as we distinguish chemical properties of certain sorts of matter from physical properties of all matter, so we distinguish physiological properties of living matter from properties which it shares with dead matter. Mechanical movements are such as do not involve the special properties of living matter. All our other movements are either voluntary or reflex, and for our purposes it is unnecessary to discriminate between the two.

The view of desire to which we have so far been led differs widely from the ordinary view, which regards desire as in its essence an attitude toward something imagined, not actual, called the 'end' of the desire, and the 'purpose' of any action resulting from the desire. The discomfort associated with unsatisfied desire, and the actions which are said to aim at satisfying desire, are both, on this view, effects of the desire. Our chief argument, so far, against this view, has been that we can judge of desires from the outside. It remains to examine desire in the form in which it is accompanied by the idea of an 'end' or 'purpose.' My contention will be that desire of this sort differs from primitive desire only by the addition of a belief which is often erroneous, and has little connection with what gives operative force to the desire.

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[*The London Mercury*]

THE FUTURE POET AND OUR TIME

BY J. C. SQUIRE

HERE is our world in motion. We see a corner of it through our eyes. A man will march down a street with a crowd, or watch the politicians' cabs turning into Palace Yard, or make speeches, or stand on the deck of a scurrying destroyer in the North Sea, or mount guard in a Mesopotamian desert. A minute section of the greater panorama passes before him.

In imagination he will, according to his information and his habit of mind, visualize what he sees as a part of what he does not see: the human conflict over five continents, climates and clothes, multitudes, passions, voices, states, soldiers, negotiations. Each newspaper that he opens swarms with a confusion of events and argument, of names familiar and unfamiliar — Wilson, Geddes, Czecho-Slovakia, Yudenitch, Shantung, and ten thousand more. For the eye there is a medley, for the ear a great din. As far as he can, busy with his daily pursuits, a man usually ignores it when it does not intrude to disturb him. When most unsettled, the life of the world is most fatiguing. The spectacle is formless and without a centre; the characters rise and fall, conspicuous one day, forgotten the next. The newspapers mechanically repeat that we are at the greatest crisis of history, and that 'a great drama is being unrolled.'

We are aware that the fortunes of our civilization have been and are in the balance. But we are in the wood and cannot see it as we see the French Revolution. It is difficult, even with the strongest effort of imagination, to visualize the process as history will record it. To pick out those episodes and those persons that will haunt the imagination of posterity by their color and force is more difficult still. An event, contemporaneously, is an event; a man is a man who eats, drinks, wears collars, makes speeches, bandies words with others, and is photographed for the newspapers.

Yet we know that a time will come when these years will be seen in far retrospect as the years of Elizabeth or of Robespierre are now. The judgments of the political scientist and the historian will be made: these men will arrange their sequences and their scales of importance. They will deduce effects and measure out praise and blame. With them we are not concerned. But others beyond them will look at our time. We shall have left our legacy for the imagination. What will it be? Who of contemporary figures may we guess as likely to be the heroes of plays and the subjects of poems? Which of the multitudinous events of these years will give a stock subject to tragedy? Which of the men whom we praise or abuse will seem to posterity larger than human, and go with gestures across their stages, clad in an antique fashion? For to that age we shall be strange; whether our mechanical arts have died and left us to haunt the memory of our posterity as a race of unquiet demons, or whether 'progress' along our lines shall have

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continued, none of our trappings will have remained the same.

But the soul of man will have remained the same. Those elements in events and persons which fascinate and stimulate us when we are looking at our past will stir them when they brood on their past, which is our to-day. And neither contemporary reputation, nor worldly position, nor conquests in themselves, nor saintliness in itself, can secure for a man a continued life in the imagination of the race.

Contemplate our own past in the light of this conception. Who are the men of whom poets and playwrights and story-tellers have made fictions and songs? Augustus Cæsar when he lived was the greatest man in the world: but who since Virgil has panegyrized him and who — unless some ingenious psychologist of the second rate like Browning — would make a dramatic poem out of him? William Wilberforce was a very good man, but his deeds and his name have survived his personality, and he will not be the hero of an epic. The Thirty Years' War was a long and very devastating war; Gustavus and Wallenstein, in their degree, survive the purposeless series of its disasters; and of all its events that which most vividly lives in the memory is the small thing with which it began: the flinging of two noblemen from a tower. What is it in things and men that gives them permanently the power of stirring the imagination and the curiosity of the artist? A quality of splendor and of power that grows more certain when the dust that was its receptacle has gone to dust.

The artist who shall succeed with a historical personage may make whatever implicit or even explicit commentary he likes, but in choosing his subject — or being chosen by it — moral judgment or scientific estimate will not influence him. He will be the victim of an attraction beyond the will and beyond the reason. Consider who are the figures that truly, imperatively, live in the political story of the past. Not only and not all the Cæsars who fought over the known world; not only such chivalric souls as saw, and obeyed, the vision of Domrémy, and died when the echoes of the last horn faded over Roncesvalles. The Crusades, as a whole, were a great poem, but few of the Crusaders won more than an ephemeral name in art. Cœur de Lion has been in our own time the hero of a romance, but no man is likely again to write of even a Godfrey of Boulogne. The great age of historic Greece passed and left imperishable monuments, 'one nation making worth a nation's pain,' but how few of her soldiers and philosophers recur to the creative imagination! Those stories and figures from history and pre-history which do so recur are a strangely assorted collection.

The Trojan War and its leading personages are a fascination and an inspiration perennially, and among those personages Helen, Hector, Achilles, Ulysses; but not Paris or the sons of Atreus, who live but as appendages. Coldly arguing, men may ask now as they asked then, why the Greeks should take so much trouble to recover a worthless woman, why a Hector should die to keep her, why ten thousand should perish in such a cause. But to the imagination Hector, Achilles, Helen, the divine unreason of that ten years' war, make an appeal that never comes from worthier struggles and wiser people. That is true also of Antony and Cleopatra: their story to the historian and the moralist is one of ruinous folly, to the poet a

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Portentous melody of what giants wasting
Near death, on what a mountainous eminence
Still, in the proud contempt of consequence,
The wine of life with jubilation tasting.

The figure of St. Francis has been created and recreated in art; like those of Nero, Philip II, and Mary Stuart. With the mythical who are but names we can do what we will; Lear and Hamlet Shakespeare could cast in the sublimest mould; with the historical we are tied by the historical, and few are great enough to come through the sieve. Poets have attempted and failed to make great characters of Becket, of Wolsey, of Strafford, and Charles I; their degree of failure has varied, but they have failed as certainly as Keats would have failed with King Stephen. The material was not there. Cromwell and Frederick the Great at least equaled Philip II in achievement, and excelled him in intelligence. But Carlyle's two heroes were no true heroes for an artist: we are too uncertain about Cromwell's inner man, his direction; for all his battles he could cast no color over his surroundings; and as for Frederick there was no tragedy about him — that was left for his neighbors.

A great Cromwell, in one sense, would be an invented Cromwell; and we cannot invent a Cromwell because of the documents. But Philip II, the intense, narrow, laborious, dyspeptic bigot, sitting in a cell of his great bleak prison on the plateau, trying to watch every corner of the world, and contriving how to scourge most of it; he was contemptible, full of vices, a failure, but there was that in him which has compelled the gaze of poets in seclusion from the seventeenth century down to Verhaeren and Verlaine. He had a virtue in excess. There was a touch of sublimity about him. The setting counts for much; monarchs are on pinnacles. But where is Philip IV, except for his horse-face on the canvases of Velasquez? Where even, as against the man he beat, is William the Silent, who waged a great fight against odds and died by the dagger; but was a cool Whig, excessive in nothing but self-control? He is scarcely alive; but Satan, as Milton saw him, reigns in hell.

We must have splendor of a sort. The normal man loves a conflagration, though he will lend a hand in putting it out; and if he is putting it out the inmost heart of him will rejoice if it be a large fire and there are very few firemen. Vivid force, moral or non-moral, must be there; a Borgia, though he be as wicked as a Nero, cannot compete with him before the imagination; he was commonplace and sordid and there is no response to him.

Such passages and such people kindle us in the records of the past. How, from this point of view, will the last five years, crowded and full of strife, look when we are the materials for art?

Will the decline of Turkey command interest? To the historian, not to the poet, so not, ultimately, to the generality of mankind. There is no emergence there of the human spirit at an exalted pitch; very new and surprising things must come out about Enver if he is to rank with the great adventurers of the stage. Men may try it — they have tried most things — but Constantinople has failed the artist before and will again. There is something pathetic, there might be something tragic, in the collapse of the House of Hapsburg after so many centuries, but so far as we know at present (and our statements are avowedly conjectures) there was no incident of that fall, compassed and witnessed by small intriguing men, which can redeem it from squalor and insignificance; and not all our reiterated assurances that this is a tremendous and tragic catastrophe

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can invest it with the high romantic quality which comes from passion in many men or in one man, strength, and a heroic struggle.

The League of Nations may be the salvation of mankind, but it has come in such a way, so slowly, so reluctantly, so haphazardly, so sensibly, that (unless comedy) nothing vital will be written of its birth. Can we see a subject for a Shakespeare or a Milton in the domestic struggle here, or the fluctuations of the Balkans, or the entry of the East into the war? These things made their differences, but will they to the artist be more than facts? And the men. There have arisen from the populations of all countries men, many of them 'great' by virtue of position, influence, achievement; many of them disinterested and ethically admirable. The mind passes from one to another; over some it flits, over others it hesitates and hovers. There is something of the sublime about M. Clemenceau, the old fighter, symbolizing France at the last barrier: a man who, in early novels now forgotten, formulated, or refused to formulate, a philosophy of despair, and depicted a universe without principle, order, or hope, in which the stronger beast, to no end, preyed on the weaker; a man, nevertheless, so full of vital energy, and so certain of the one thing he loved, that he desired nothing better than to continue furiously struggling under the impending cope of darkness.

There are, to some of us, disagreeable things about him; stripped of the non-essential there is something central, that is, elemental and fine. But were he of the kind that becomes legendary, should we feel that central something as still uncertain, and would it have needed a war at the age of nearly eighty to have revealed something of grandeur in him? Is he, at bottom, clear and forcible enough; or, alternatively, does he feel with sufficient strength, does he want anything, plan or place or spectacle, with sufficient passion? We cannot be certain: he may be forgotten.

Something of doubt colors also one's view of America's entry and the career of President Wilson, in some regards a close analogue to that of Lincoln. The lines of that story are simple — the watching pose, the gradual approximation to war, the President's mental struggle, his decision to throw America's weight into the scale, his manifestos to the world in the names of liberty, honesty, and kindness, his determination that the war, if possible, should be the last. But the man at the centre of this tremendous revolution of events, the mouthpiece of these great sentiments, has he that last abandonment of feeling which alone captivates the imagination of those who hold the mirror up to certain aspects of nature?

Without denying that it may be a great blessing that he lacks that force, without presuming to know all about him that may later be revealed, I feel doubtful. Death, more particularly violent death, before the end, might have enabled artists to impute to him something that perhaps was not there, to give him the benefit of the doubt. But very likely for our good, possibly with the greatest wisdom, he compromised at Paris. A more spontaneous man might have ruined us all; but if compromise is excellent in politics, it is of small use to poets. I doubt if the President will take his place with St. Francis, Philip II, and Nero.

There will survive from the war, and from the other events of our day, certain episodes which will, as by accident, draw the notice of artists and be, as we speak, immortalized. A few of the countless heroic and self-sacrificing actions which men have performed in

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every country and by every sea will be snatched from oblivion. Tragedians, in all probability, will brood on the story of Miss Cavell. The names of a subaltern and an airman, fortuitously selected, will live as live those of Hervé Riel and Pheidipiddes. But this is not what we call history. I think that the Rupert Brooke legend will develop. He was beautiful and a poet, and he died in arms, young. He had wandered to the islands of the Pacific, and his comrades buried him in an island of the Ægean. About him they will write poems, plays even, in which, their color given by actions and sayings which are recorded, he will pass through experiences which were never his, and thoughts will be imputed to him which possibly he never had.

Two older artists have taken a more prominent part in the war and its politics, a part that may indisputably be called political. Of Paderewski I know nothing, except that a man's progress could not easily have a setting more superficially romantic; the strength of the man may be guessed at by stray tokens. A person of whom fame in art may more certainly be predicted is D'Annunzio, a man not in every way admirable, but of a demoniacal courage, who has crowned a career full of flamboyant passages with actions that, as a spectacle, are magnificent: orations pulsating with ardor for the glory and power of the Latin genius, words that were pregnant of acts, and following these, after years of reckless flying, the sudden theatrical stroke at Fiume. As a 'character' he justified himself by that lawless blow; his rhetoric finally proved itself the rhetoric of real passion, a lust for violent life, self-assertion at the risk of death, the flaunting of the Italian name; and, felt as such, it has moved a whole army and a whole people. Whatever the results of analysis applied to his character or the ultimate outcome of his splendid *panache*, he cannot but become, to the artists of one nation at least, a hero, the material for romance.

There may be others. But, projecting myself as well as I am able, I cannot see on the larger stage, amid the great fortunes of peoples and their rulers, more than two subjects on which I think we may be positive that they will pass into the company of material to which artists return and return, subjects which already outline themselves with some clarity to the imagination and have the air of greatness.

One is the fall of the German Empire. Were it shortly to be restored, the force with which its calamities will appeal to us would be diminished: for an end must be an end. But if what seemed to happen really has happened there is a spectacle there which will appear more prodigious and more moving as time goes on — that triply-armed vainglorious kingdom pulling the world down on itself; the long, desperate, ruthless fight against enemies ultimately superior; the 'siege'; the quality, proud and assured, if barbaric, of the Prussian spirit which filled the ruling caste and determined at once its fight and its fall. The tale is tragic, and almost epic; the persons are not yet revealed who shall be capable of being made, on the stage or in books, the instruments for telling it. Certainly, though men, misguidedly, will attempt to make Wilhelm II sustain an artistic load to which he is not equal, the Kaiser will make no great hero or hero-villain. Possibly in some Hindenburg or other general will be found the strength, the simplicity of belief or resolve, which make a great figure; or possibly this will be of the tragedies in which the individual

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humans are all pigmies subordinate to the main theme. Elsewhere, I think, is to be found a man who has about him the certain atmosphere of imaginative life. He is Vladimir Ulianoff, Lenin.

I talked a few weeks ago with a Russian in exile, a Conservative, an official of the old régime, and (I think) a Baltic Baron. He was not, therefore, sympathetic to the Bolsheviki or to Lenin; he hated, though he understood, them and he loathed him. 'Lenin has ruined Russia,' he said, taking no pains to conceal his desire that Lenin should die. Then the imaginative man in him awoke, as it has a way of doing in intelligent Russians of all kinds, and he suddenly added vehemently: 'But a hundred years hence a Hero of Legend, like Peter the Great and the Prince who first introduced Christianity into Russia.'

I felt immediately that he had spoken not merely a truth, but an obvious one. Englishmen may have all sorts of opinions about Lenin; few have heard much beyond rumor of him, but even those who are most avowedly ignorant of him or most leniently inclined to him would scarcely like to find him in their midst. Yet there is that flavor of vitality, of greatness, about him that is lacking in many who have caused misery to none and even in some of the most potent benefactors of mankind. We feel it almost unconsciously; the recognition of it is, as it were, instinctive; a picture of him, growing from stray scraps of news and rumor, has been forming in our minds, a picture almost from the first differentiated from that, say, of his equally active colleague, Trotzky. Trotzky, one feels, might disappear to-morrow and leave but a name and some wreckage. But the other man, if he be not in the line of Tolstoi (as some of his adherents seem to suppose him to be), is in the line of the great oriental despots, of Tamerlane and Genghiz Khan.

And we shall know more of him, far more, than we shall ever know of Tamerlane and Genghiz Khan: as much very likely as we know of Napoleon. He has no physical attributes and no material accoutrements which might lend him adventitious aid as the centre of a pageant of power, struggle, or woe: a short, bowed man in a black coat, vivacious, hedged by no formalities of ceremonial. Yet to the imagination—and it must surely be so when he is seen backward—this little fanatic, who for twenty years was hunted from exile to exile, and returned to overthrow a government and enthrone himself on the ruins of a great Empire, is the centre of Russia, seated in the middle of that enormous web of conflict and suffering like an impassive and implacable spider.

We hear this and that of him. He is genial in conversation. He is not personally cruel. He is willing to slaughter thousands at a blow to realize his ideas, for he looks at human affairs historically, if with but one eye. He is a poor speaker, but his words whip audiences into enthusiasm. He thought he would be overturned in three weeks, but adapted himself with instant decision when a longer lease was offered. This man and that is jealous of him and has tried to upset him; he has said this or that about his success and his failure; he will fly; or he knows he will be executed. The reports contradict each other, but the picture remains and strengthens, the picture of a man in the grip of an idea, with one of the strongest wills in the world, indifferent to the pains and pleasures of ordinary people. That ugly little face, with its swollen bald forehead, its slanting lids closing on straight penetrating eyes, its squat nose, its fleshy mouth be-

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tween moustache and goatee, its smile mechanical as a mask's, will be more familiar to our descendants than to us. They will see in reverie the revolution, with vast ancient Russia as its background, and this doctrinaire tyrant as its centre, with his ragged armies, his spies and Chinamen, his motley gang of clever Jews, brigands, and mild, bearded, spectacled professors around him. They will feel his magnetism, and, whether as 'hero of legend' or devil of legend, they will celebrate him.

Of these things perhaps men will write two hundred or two thousand years hence. But the duration of human life on our planet is measured, as we suppose, in tens of thousands of years.

We go to the grave. The sunlight comes into this room; it shines on the table and the books and the papers. I listen to the twittering of the birds, shorter lived than ourselves, and the intermittent rushing of the wind, which, while life lasts, goes on always the same. A car moans past; its noise begins, swells, and dies away. The trees wave about; a horse's feet plod by; the sunlight sparkles on the river and glorifies the mud. Clouds come over. The sun, unseen, sets; the evening grows bluer and lamps twinkle out over the misty river. So, noiselessly, proceeds time, and the earth revolves and revolves through its alternations of sun and shade. These airs, these lights and sounds, will be the same; but we, alive and immortal as we feel, shall have gone, and the clamor that we made will recede. To an epoch we shall be the colored strutters of history and of legend; to a later age, however remote and whatever the accumulation of our records, we must become august shadows like the dim kings and fabulous empires that passed before Babylon and Egypt.

'Truly ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.' The sentence was written more than two thousand years ago; the author is unknown and receding. Yet, obliterated in the end though all remembrance of us may be, we shall not even on this earth die with our bodies, and for some interval, not to be computed, certain actions at this moment in progress will endure in a sublimated state, and certain men with whom we may even have spoken will enlarge to a more than human stature and communicate, as they could never do in life, their essence to the enduring tradition of men. Are they those whom we have mentioned; or are they, as they may be, others who to us are insignificant and obscured?

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[*L'Humanité*]

THE BENEFACTOR'S REVENGE

BY RODOLPHE BRINGER

Beaufort L'Arthur is a little peaceful town whose name has been absent from history since the Hundred Years' War. It was during those troublous times that the British burned the castle. The heaped stones of the round tower, in which a colony of owls long has nested, bear witness to the glories of these other days. I say this on the authority of a descriptive pamphlet which I bought at the local bookseller's. It being my duty as a respectable tourist to visit the ruins, I did so, and when the pilgrimage was over, I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering about the cobblestoned and smelly streets watching the fun of ragged children, old folk warming their heads in the sun, big, solid fellows quietly smoking their pipes — all of them with the air of knowing where their daily bread was coming from.

Presently, I came out upon a little square in which something genuinely odd attracted my attention. The something was a splendid pedestal, doubtless built to support the statue of some proud personage. And this pedestal, beneath its plane trees, seemed to me to be old, very old, tarnished by many winters and cooked by many summers, spotted with lichen and gnawed by moss. It was clear that the pedestal had been long exposed to the seasons.

The pedestal, therefore, was not attending the coming arrival of some glorious son of Beaufort l'Arthur. Was it intended simply as an encouragement for the school children?

I walked over to the pedestal, and to my great astonishment discovered on it a bronze tablet bearing the words:

To our benefactor
Alcide Benistan
from a grateful Beaufort l'Arthur

So defaced was the inscription, that it was with difficulty that I read it. What could it all mean? Here was a pedestal which had waited thirty years for its statue. Had the bronze foundry been negligent or had the statue been entrusted to a languid sculptor?

Such were my thoughts when a voice behind me cackled,

'So it puzzles you, does it?'

I turned. An old man stood close by, a tidy, comfortable looking old fellow, the very type of the small proprietor who returns to his birthplace to spend the money he made in the city. I saluted him respectfully He smiled, and said:

'Monsieur is a stranger? Ah it's a shocking story, the story of that monument! The municipality really should have that pedestal taken away.'

And leading me to a bench under the plane trees, the old man began:

'Benistan, having amassed a comfortable fortune in the manufacture of gold beaters' skins, purchased the Château des Ormeaux, the big house you see from the railroad station. He moved in, and began to share in the life of the town. As you may imagine, his wish was to be mayor of Beaufort l'Arthur. He ran for office, and failing of election, never quite forgave us.

'A month or two later, wishing to improve the vista from his château, he had the notion of buying an old shed in which the firemen of Beaufort l'Arthur kept their engine. He not only offered a fancy price for the shed but also promised to replace it with a building which should be the very flower of fire stations. But the municipality refused his offer, and built a big ugly schoolhouse on the site of

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the station. It quite ruined the prospect from the Château des Ormeaux.

'Well, the poor man had a nervous crisis, so bad a one that he died of it eight months later.

'The funeral was a magnificent one, but the townsfolk did not attend it. Benistan, you see, was mistrusted because of his Tory attitude. The good that he had done was forgotten.

'Imagine the general stupefaction when it was learned that Benistan had left the enormous sum of three million francs to the municipality! It was given on condition that Beaufort l'Arthur should undertake to nourish and sustain all the poor, without distinction of age, sex, or nationality, who lived within its boundaries.

'At once the popularity of Benistan rose to unheard of heights. He had been cruelly misjudged. He was a man for the ages! He was a philanthropist! In order to soothe away the unpleasant memory of its bickerings, the municipality decided to erect a monument to Benistan's glorious memory. In the enthusiasm of the moment, the pedestal was rushed to completion.'

'Ah — they were a bit hasty.'

'Beaufort l'Arthur, monsieur, was then an honest, hard-working town within whose borders *la misère* was unknown. But since the day on which the clauses of Benistan's will were proclaimed abroad, tramps, vagabonds, rogues, and Apaches have never ceased pouring through our gates. In six months our population had doubled. All the scamps in France were at hand to enjoy the legacy. They robbed houses, held up travelers; they made our peaceful neighborhood a veritable *forêt de Bondy!* Terrified, all the good folk began to leave the town. Now the only ones left are those who, like myself, own property here. If I were only a little younger, I too ——

'Too late we understood the dark ways of our benefactor. If he can see what is going on in Beaufort l'Arthur, Alcide Benistan must be laughing. He has had a royal revenge.

'You see now why the pedestal has no statue. A statue to that man? Never!'

And having finished his story, the old man saluted, and walked away. Night, you see, was falling, and he did not care to run the risk of meeting a fellow citizen in the dark!

[*Le Figaro*]

M. BRIEUX'S AMERICANS

BY ROBERT DE FLERS

M. Brieux's *Les Américains Chez Nous*, is more than a study of individual Frenchmen and Americans, it is a study of the contact between the two peoples. He tells the truth about both groups with the vigorous honesty which characterizes both his character and his work, and he ends by showing that the differences between French folk and their cousins from over the sea are neither very numerous nor profound. The *dénouement*, in which antagonisms are relaxed, and the necessary concessions made, is a very excellent lesson for us all.

M. Brieux has given all his characters certain clear-cut and precise traits, some of them intended for satiric purposes, to be sure, but since M. Brieux's satire spares nobody, and its bite is always followed by a healing phrase, the fun is fair enough. He seems to be saying to his conflicting characters — 'Learn to respect, to like — get married, above all, try to understand.' The great difficulty in a play of this kind is the danger that the social and moral lesson may overwhelm the action, and that greater heed may be paid to the ideas presented than to the characters. But

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M. Brieux, because of his generosity of thought and sentiment, because of his firm grasp of stage technique has avoided this pitfall. But let us turn to the story of the play.

M. Charvet, sometime counselor at the tribunal of Dijon, a Frenchman of an old family of lawyers, lives in the country on his ancestral lands. An excellent fellow, safely dozing in the atmosphere of tradition. His property is heavily mortgaged, yet he is content to live easily from day to day on his little income. When hard pressed, he can always sell a bit of land. The spectator recognizes a genuine French bourgeois.

M. Charvet, who is a widower, has two children, a daughter, Henriette, in the earliest thirties, and a son, Henri, twenty-five years of age, who is on the point of beginning life as a doctor. Henriette has been unwilling to marry because she wishes to devote herself to her brother whom she loves with an almost maternal love. The action of the play takes place just after the armistice. The Charvets are waiting the coming out of the young doctor, and his marriage to the daughter of a rich neighbor.

All would have been for the best in the most provincial of provinces and the most French of families, if the Americans had not built a camp near by. One of the officers, Sammy Smith, has stayed behind to look over French business opportunities, and has become acquainted with M. Charvet. Thanks to M. Brieux, Smith is not a millionaire in disguise, a touch which assures him the greatest originality. M. Smith is an active, practical, hard-headed young man. When a child breaks a window, he resets it himself. He has bought a tract of woodland from M. Charvet, and in the scene in which Smith discusses the legal aspect of the sale with the village notary is a just and lively bit of satire aimed at antiquated French business methods. Smith hopes to persuade M. Charvet to let him 'develop' all his ancestral estates. The old magistrate becomes bewildered, for the tranquillity and very mediocrity of his life are pleasing to him.

But the Charvets have not yet undergone all which Fate holds in store for them. Henri refuses the *jeune fille* whom his sister had intended for him, he is in love with an American nurse, Nelly, whom he met in a hospital behind the lines, and considers her as his fiancée. She arrives and is presented to the family. She is equally disposed to love them or to conquer them — *Lafayette me voila!*

All this first act is sound, charming and witty. The characters say exactly what they ought to say, and every act of theirs makes clear that the coming conflict is inevitable.

The second act finds Smith getting ready to tear the estate to pieces, and the Charvets intimidated by his energy and initiative. Nelly, who has a taste for domination, and none of M. Wilson's nebulousness, betrays for her fiancé a somewhat masculine and imperious affection; we see Henri becoming timid and powerless to resist any of her wishes. She has determined to take him to America. They will establish themselves in Chicago. Henri yields after a feeble resistance.

But how will he announce this decision to his parent? It will not be his task. His sister, Henriette, has from the first divined an enemy in Nelly. Her jealous affection suffers from the other's presence; she is angered at seeing her brother yield so easily to the young American, and when she learns that Nelly aims to take her brother away, her pent-up passion breaks forth. Nelly listens — calm, mistress of herself. A nervous

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crisis terminates the scene and Nelly declares that she will leave the house and not return to it till the marriage day. This scene is carried off with great vigor. Henriette wins a great deal of sympathy, even though the despotic love of a sister for a brother is not a common subject of appeal.

In the third act, all is going from bad to worse, not in M. Brieux's play, but in the Charvet homestead. Henri can hardly bear to face either his father or his fiancée, and poor M. Charvet wanders like a lost soul through the sheds, wires, and electric power poles of Sammy Smith. But, on the other hand, all is not going smoothly with the Americans. The experiments in intensive culture are not succeeding, and Smith is confronted by the laborers on whom he has tried to impose the Taylor system. His projects arrested, Smith finds leisure for a love affair. For a long time he has had a deep affection for Henriette. He asks for her hand, which she accords without too much ado.

Meanwhile the affair of Nelly and Henri seems dangerously over-clouded. Believing that France needs all her children, Henri breaks with his fiancée. But neither Henri, nor M. Brieux, nor you, nor I, will let our little American ally get away so easily. Just as the French workmen are about to revolt against the Americans, Henri intervenes with so much courage and cordiality that he quells the tumult, and imposes his will on them all. From admiration, Nelly's feeling rises to enthusiasm, she will become a French woman. She will be Mme. Henri Charvet.

This double *dénouement* is, perhaps, somewhat conventional, but it is real enough and the author should have no reproach for it. From the patriotic point of view, it is excellent. It shows that the misunderstandings between Frenchmen and Americans are but superficial matters, and that nothing ought to prevent two great peoples from understanding and appreciating one another.

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[*The Anglo-Italian Review*]

SOME MEMORIES OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN THE ITALIAN ARMY

BY EDWARD STORER

How welcomely one returns to Rome! When the train swings round the mountains behind Tivoli, and debouches into the familiar *campagna*, bringing in view the ridge of the Alban hills that seem the outer ramparts of the city, the spirit grows lighter. How pleasant the first few breaths of the pure Rome air! 'What joy in the glory of her limpid fountains!'

But one is still a soldier, if no more a censor, and, moreover, that unenviable individual, a territorial soldier without a destination, without a definite niche in the vast organization of the military bureaucracy, a person, in fact, for whom all kinds of unpleasant missions may be in store. One is 'reëntering the battalion,' as they say, and how they will receive the man come back upon their hands when they had thought to be finally rid of him, one does not know. For during the war these depots of territorial battalions were really sorting stations whence the soldier was drafted to his work, whether that were digging trenches behind the front lines, guarding prisoners in Albania, or censoring letters.

Conversation with soldiers of many kinds had by this time taught me that the number of services open to a territorial was very numerous, while the various services differed much in agreeableness. A rough sort of justice ruled the distribution of the posts, though often enough ludicrous and even tragic mistakes were made. Occasionally it would happen that an already wounded man, a clerk, perhaps, in civil life, would be sent to dig trenches, while a great, strong, ignorant peasant would go as a writer into some ministry. Such mistakes happened, and it usually took time to remedy them.

The soldiers, being very human, spent much of their time discussing possible posts and the best way of getting them. There was a generally prevalent cynical spirit which maintained that the surest way of getting into the War Office — a coveted post — was to make application to be sent to the front. It seemed that perhaps the best billet a territorial could aspire to was a job as *scritturale*, or clerk, in one of the ministries in Rome. Some ministries were to be preferred to others; that of the Pensions, for instance, had an excellent reputation. Maybe the ideal service was to be taken on as a censor in the Rome office, but this was always admitted to be a matter of great difficulty, requiring great skill or influence. Failing this, a post as *scritturale* in a ministry, with office hours, and the permission to sleep in one's own house, if over a certain age, was the next best thing.

I made my way to the familiar piazza of Santa Maria Maggiore, now eternally associated in my mind with barrack life. One of my old friends was on sentry-go at the gate, and received me with a grin. A gruff sergeant recognized me, and said, 'What! Back again!' In the *furéria*, or Cap-

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tain's office, they welcomed me with a mixture of wonder, resignation, and cordiality. I was surprised to find that there seemed to be a kind of tacit assumption that I had engineered my own return to Rome, and the *furiére* and his clerks appeared to think it very clever of me, without actually saying so. In Italy, all the best things are never said, only suggested.

The Captain, at the moment of my arrival, was worried, and did not notice me. My case seemed to be causing the *furiére* (Captain's clerk) a moment's perplexity. I imagined he was saying to himself: 'Here's this confounded Englishman again. Whatever are we going to do with him now?' I fancied there was in his attitude of subdued admiration of my cleverness in getting back to the capital, a note of pain at my apparent ingratitude in coming away from a good post which they had obtained for me. But the sense of approval of my 'cleverness' was uppermost in the office. To cut short the trifling problem of my presence for the moment, and from goodheartedness, the *furiére* gave me à pass for the day from the little pile of such permits he kept in his drawer already signed by the Captain, like a batch of banknotes. This was a currency much sought after, and when things went well at Sant' Antonio, and everybody was in good humor, there was a heavy issue of such passes to brief freedom.

My first occupation next day was to accompany a soldier, a countryman, ignorant of the topography of Rome, to a certain fort outside Porta San Giovanni. An Italian would have made of this service a perfect pretext to remain out of barracks for the better part of the day. Even I, inexperienced and ignorant still of many things at Sant' Antonio, made of the walk a three or fours hours' pleasant variant from the desolating alternative of cleaning the latrines or listening to instruction from a sergeant on the parts of a rifle we were probably never to use.

Conversation with my companions had convinced me that the question of securing a 'destination' was one in which, for his own interests, it was advisable for the soldier to take some modest part. Only the *terrain* was a thorny one. An indiscreet question in the wrong quarter might provoke the wrath of the mighty. It was evidently a matter of high diplomatic skill. I used to see groups of these diplomats talking earnestly in low tones among themselves in the canteen, advising, warning, recounting experiences, and jealously guarding their words from listeners. These were the 'know-alls' of the battalion, but it often happened that all their knowledge of the ins and outs of military bureaucracy availed them little, and instead of the coveted desk in an office in Via Venti Settembre, they were exiled somewhere into the provinces to guard a railway line or Austrian prisoners.

I am afraid there was nothing heroic about our military life. How could there be? We were a collection of more or less imperfect specimens, men with hernia, or small deformities, men with one or another physical weakness, old soldiers of from thirty-eight to forty-three, and young *mutilati* back from the front. These latter were certainly the pick of us both in *morale* and conduct. It was not an edifying or noble life at Sant' Antonio, but, such as it was, I had to live it, and such as it was I describe it without gloss or excuse. I dare say we were not worse or better than any other body of men would have been in our position, and if I cannot picture us as a group of soldiers thirsting for glory and heroism, the fault lies not in me, but in the reality.

Our life at Sant' Antonio was a per-

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petual *fatigue*, with the possibility of getting a 'destination' to some other *fatigue* or an *imboscamento* in some office. We were not heroes, and we knew it, nor, in fact, were we asked to be such. But we did a lot of hard and unpleasant work, and, on the whole, did it with tolerable good will and sense of duty. Sant' Antonio was lovingly referred to among us as the *manicomio*, or lunatic asylum, from the extraordinary confusion of orders, counter-orders, and disorder which on occasion reigned there. I dare say this bureaucratic confusion exists in all times in varying degrees in all armies. We certainly had our share of it at intervals.

The day after my return to Rome was a Sunday, and as there was a ceremony of some kind or other at the Victor Emmanuel monument in Piazza Venezia, a company from our battalion was ordered on duty there as guard of honor. As the ceremony was fixed for the afternoon, when, ordinarily, we should have enjoyed our free time, it was not very popular among us, and, as was usual on these occasions, a certain amount of manœuvring was begun by certain individuals in order to escape what they considered a tremendous bore. However, after some confusion and much shouting, the company was got together with accoutrements all in order, and off we marched to Piazza Venezia. There we stopped for three or four hours in the sun, while various civic and military notabilities made speeches.

While I was wondering next day how one secured a 'destination,' I was suddenly ordered off with nine or ten other soldiers to relieve the guard at the prison hospital of Sant' Antonio, near San Giovanni. This was a large building, formerly a convent, used as a hospital for a peculiarly unpleasant type of soldier, the *autolesionisti* and *simulatori* — that is, for soldiers who had procured injuries to themselves, or were simulating diseases in order to avoid being sent to the front. This hospital really provided a revolting spectacle. Its whole atmosphere was poisoned with a mixture of cowardice and brutality, of low cunning and bestiality. I passed the most wretched days of my military life within its evil walls. The inmates of this peculiar institution were chiefly men of the lowest type, morally, mentally, and physically. A good part of them were ex-convicts, thieves, assassins, or sexual degenerates. The prison hospital was surrounded by a high wall, and guarded day and night by armed sentries furnished from our *corpo di guardia*. Four of us went on guard at a time for a two hours' *muta*, three of of us outside the prison walls, and one by the gate.

Though we were naturally not supposed to have any intercourse with our prisoners, we saw quite enough of them, for they used to pass our guard-room in ones and twos on their way to the bath. They were dressed in long, flapping hospital slacks, with a little white tasseled night-cap on their heads. On their feet they had felt slippers. I learned from talking with the hospital orderlies who brought them their food that, almost without exception, they were loud-voiced and indignant in protesting the genuineness of their maladies, and considered the army doctors as both villains and fools.

There were about one hundred and fifty of these self-wounded and malingerers at the prison when I was there. It appeared that a favorite trick of these soldiers was to inject paraffin into their legs, which then swelled. The doctors were so used to this fraud that they had rarely any difficulty in detecting it. Others sought to blow

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off their trigger fingers or to injure tendons in their legs. One, they said, had even tried to blind himself in one eye. Many of the simulators declared themselves full of mysterious aches and pains. Feigned epilepsy was common, and also attempts to feign partial paralysis. This was the pretty collection of blackguards and degenerates it was my duty to guard. The greater part of them dragged their legs after them as they walked, or went with exaggerated limps. Who knows but there were some genuine cases among them also! The atmosphere of the place was sickening, and every day one witnessed sights half ludicrous, half brutal. In the afternoons, when we sentries, in our repose time, were sitting on the bench outside the guard-room, a prison van would drive up to the gate, and some *carabiniéri* (military police) would bring in one or more fresh cases. These arrived always in handcuffs.

Indeed, the jingle of handcuffs was part of the daily music of our lives. Often the *carabinieri* would take one or two men away, discharged as cured. These inevitably went out of the place sneering and defiant, dragging a leg after them, or limping as badly as the day they had come in. These cured cases were going back to the front, the very foremost lines of the front, we were told, and if they survived — which is doubtful — they would later be tried by court-martial. It was not a pleasant sight to see these fellows — cowards and criminals though they may have been — being led off manacled to almost certain death within a week or so. It was not that either the doctors or the *carabiniéri* were brutal — better-hearted men do not exist — but we all of us seemed in the power of some malign fate, working out a ghastly tragedy in which we were impotent, and, indeed, hardly human, expiating almost in a Sophoclean way some divine madness or *pæna*, in our inert miserable flesh.

Occasionally a gesture of human tenderness would break through the silent rigidity of these happenings. Sometimes a prisoner would come stealthily down the stairs to see his companion taken away by the *carabiniéri*. Boys would kiss each other with warm affection, but I never saw one who flinched or showed any fear. Their attitude was generally defiant, truculent, sometimes even quite gay. One I remember cracked jokes as they put the handcuffs on him, and made even the stern *carabiniéri* smile.

These scenes were revolting, and I fancy our N.C.O.'s felt them to be so as much as we private soldiers, but they usually abused the malingerers to us when the latter had gone, perhaps to soothe their own feelings. The Italian soldier is a very sensitive, highly-strung man. The only pleasant feature of this hospital prison were the nuns, who acted as nurses to the prison patients. These sweet, gentle creatures, smiling and calm, brought a note of humanity into our squalid world. They flitted to and fro on their light slippers among prisoners, *carabiniéri*, and guards, like beings apart, human yet aloof, gentle but sphinx-like, women whose souls seemed already half dead, creatures moving in a kind of twilight of religious ecstasy and prayer. They talked readily enough with the officers and orderlies, and even on occasion, so it seemed to me, flirted in a kind of vestal way with a coquetry as delicate as that of flowers.

There was one in particular who charmed me with the charm of a ovely porcelain or an Attic vase. She was tall, graceful, and her face was pale with an original pallor, which, like a work of art, arrested all grosser admiration, troubling the spirit with a

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vague nostalgia. This nun seemed, indeed, a work of art, living, yet removed from life, full of an interior beauty which held the senses taut in reverence. These shadows of grace moving along our sad corridors were the only remembrances of beauty to sweeten our grim prison.

Our guard, with its two corporals and nine or ten privates, was, I soon perceived, a little world in miniature, with passions, intrigues, meannesses, and generosities. The corporals took command over us for twenty-four hours at a time from midday till midday. They were our dual autocrats, capable of making our lives pretty uncomfortable, or according us brief illusions of happiness. One corporal was fat and good-natured, and an old, old soldier. The other was young, tyrannical, and timid. These two despots alternated their authority over us, and filled us in turn with soldierly resignation and all hatred and uncharitableness. One corporal was a barber from Borgo Pio, a dandy, a lady-killer of the not too fastidious femininity of that quarter. The other was a cynical, good-natured peasant, who had no greater ambition in his military life than to have a quiet time. The refrain of his discipline was: 'I don't mind as long as it goes all right.' The refrain of the barber was: 'Tonight there's going to be a visit of inspection by the lieutenant of the guard.' But the lieutenant never came, and we lived in a little constitution of our own, framed naturally from our temperaments, wills, and capacity for intrigue.

I discovered that, according to the regulations, we soldiers of the prison guard were allowed four hours' liberty three times a week, as a schedule and notice which was stuck up in the guardroom proclaimed. This schedule remained the deadest of dead letters, and, instead, the system of leave to go out for an hour or so was arranged on a quite different plan. Some of us went out every day for two, three, or even four hours, and some of us went out once in five days. All depended on the good will and state of mind of the corporal in command. The barber had his friends — so much his friends, that I once overheard them saying that they meant to half kill him the day they all returned to civil life — and the fat peasant had his. This man, perhaps from a feeling of consideration for a foreigner, allowed me as much leave as he could or dared. True, he did not disdain a little lunch sent in occasionally to him from the *osteria* on the corner of the street, or a half-litre of wine shared in company in the evening. But such was evidently the practice in our community. The barber used to lunch out every day at the *osteria* with his two friends, and I dare say he did not pay more than his share of the bill.

If one could not afford to buy food out, and was obliged to subsist on the rations, one fared very badly indeed. There were poor devils of peasants who had no money, and if it had not been that some of us who could afford to eat out turned over to them our share of the *rancio*, they would have been hungry sometimes. The rations for the territorials consisted of a cup of very bad black coffee in the morning at six, a tinful of maccaroni in hot water, and occasionally a piece of boiled meat at midday, with a large loaf of bread, and more maccaroni or beans again at five o'clock. Sometimes there was stew with vegetables, or stockfish, instead of the maccaroni. This was all we got. The soldiers at the front, of course, were well fed.

If the soldiers who went outside of the prison less often than the rest of us, hated us more fortunate ones, they

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did not show it. Nor did they ever complain of the abuses to any superior. It probably would have done them little good if they had.

I felt sometimes such an imperious need to get away for an hour or so from the evil atmosphere of the prison that I would have taken almost any risks to gain a breath of freedom and fresh air. When it was the turn of the barber, it was more difficult to escape, but even with him I managed to steal an hour or so of liberty in the day.

If it was difficult for me to sleep in the barracks at Mantua, it was next to impossible at the prison hospital of Sant' Antonio. There were not enough plank beds for all the guard, who had to lie heaped up together, covered with their rugs, in which there was a fair sprinkling of bugs. I decided at once that I could not face a night in the guardroom. I discovered a kind of broken-down conservatory in the prison garden outside our dormitory near the gate. The place had a pungent odor of rabbits, but there was a bench in it. I slept there some few nights in a kind of aristocratic isolation, until the barber corporal, discovering my genial *trovata*, ordered me out and installed himself. I fell back then on a bench in the porch.

There was, I found, another alternative favored by the two friends of the barber. This was a daring one. I saw that these two men crept upstairs into the prisoners' ward, and, taking the first empty bed they saw, slept soundly among the cut-throats and ex-convicts. To be able to do this they had to pay another soldier to take their night turn of sentry-go for them; but this was not a difficult matter to arrange. The plan of sleeping among the prisoners in a real bed sounded, at first hearing, rather attractive. A clean white bed with sheets seemed in those days one of the most desirable objects in the world. So at bed-time one night I, too, crept softly up the stairs, and, opening the ward door, flung myself down on the first vacant bed I saw. Sleep would not come, however. The atmosphere of the cut-throats irritated one's nerves. I raised myself on my arms, and looked at the sleeping face of the prisoner lying in the bed next to mine. The man was a perfect type of degenerate, with a brutal, cunning face and sinister expression. I got up and went downstairs again to my bench, resolved to make that particular experiment no more.

An old-standing difficulty about sleeping, resulting from a nervous illness, made my existence at Sant' Antonio rather miserable. There was, I learned, yet another way of remedying the sleep question, but this was a dangerous one. I decided to follow the example of one of the guard, whose house happened to be near the hospital, and pass a night or two in my own bed in my own pleasant room. Needless to say, this proceeding was highly irregular, and if the fact were reported to the barracks of Sant' Antonio, would mean prison. Still, I felt so irritable and exhausted from the want of a good sleep that I decided to pass a night *a casa*, taking the risk of a possible *dieci di rigore* if the matter should be found out. A friendly carter who was one of the guard counseled me in the affair, and offered his assistance. It was necessary to get another soldier to take one's *muta* at 2 A.M. in order to be able to enjoy the coveted bed.

Veneziani, the carter, offered his services. He was a tall, spare fellow, weather-beaten and tough. He could sleep on the hardest things and in any position. His life as a carter, driving up to Rome with barrels of wine in the night, had given him this taste for 'sleeping hard,' as he called it. He told me he simply could n't 'sleep soft,' and

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said that in civil life, when he used to go home to his house, he would always remove all mattresses from his portion of the matrimonial couch. Veneziani made a specialty of taking the watches of other soldiers. Several of the men did this, especially in the night *mute*. The tariff was one lira for a day watch, and two lire for the night. This carter, Veneziani, had a wonderful power of resistance. He was an old soldier, forty-one or forty-two, perhaps. But nearly every day he would relieve some other man of his turn, remaining on sentry-go for four hours at a stretch. Nor did he appear to feel the strain of it. Coming off guard, he would swallow a good half-litre of wine, of which, like any peasant of the *campagna*, he consumed large quantities. It was not difficult for us to have wine in the guardroom, for there was an *osteria* forty yards from the prison gate, and the corporal on duty would generally grant permission for someone to go out and get a flaskful, or, failing that, there would always be a hospital orderly ready to help us.

I arranged with the good carter that he should take my two A.M. turn, so that I would not have to mount guard again until eight next morning. We sealed the bargain in a glass of wine, and Veneziani offered, moreover, to speak to the fat corporal. But this I did myself, telling him I was going to stop out that night. He expressed no surprise, but told me he could not give me permission, as he had no power to do so. 'If it goes all right and nobody finds out, so much the better. If the lieutenant makes an inspection, you 'll go to prison, and so will I, probably.' I urged him not to take such a gloomy view of it, and determined to send him in an appetizing omelette from the *osteria*. I moved down toward the gate. The fat corporal diplomatically turned his back and walked away from me. Veneziani cried: 'Now off you go, quick! and don't bother your head about it, because it's perfectly safe.'

I stepped out into the blessed street, feeling for the moment as if the war were over, and I had my discharge in my pocket, jumped on a passing tram, and went home to bed. The night's rest was beautiful, but brief, for Veneziani had advised me to be back early in case anyone should come down from the barracks, or the relief should arrive. I was back in the guardroom shortly after six. Poor Veneziani was on sentry-go at the gate. His cheery grin soon reassured me that nothing untoward had happened in my absence. I offered to relieve him for a while if he liked, but he scouted the idea.

The next night the barber corporal was *capo posto*, as they called it, and I thought it better, on Veneziani's advice, not to repeat my absenteeism under his rule. 'He might report you,' the old carter said, 'and that would mean trouble. I can't say he would, but he might. Better wait for to-morrow.' So that night I returned to my bench in the corridor.

One day, however, I felt I would risk it even with the barber in command. Rumor of my intention reached him, and he forbade me to carry out my plan. I listened to him in silence, and the evening wore on. I stood undecided by the gate with my friend, Veneziani, who was engaged drinking the wine earned by his stout legs. The barber had retired into the guardroom. A tram rattled past the corner with an alluring music. Veneziani made a sideways movement with his head and winked. We both felt that the proper moment had come. I ran after the tram, and caught it on the corner where it stopped. I half expected prison next day as a result of my escapade, but I was so tired that the idea did not disturb my sleep.

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Veneziani was on sentry-go again when I returned next morning, and I saw at once from his face that something unpleasant had happened.

'Did the lieutenant come?' I asked. He shook his head. 'Don't go near him,' he said, meaning the barber. 'He made an awful row when he found you 'd gone, and swore to make a report. But he won't do it. He dare n't. Far too many irregularities here to his own account. If he does, some of us will speak up about the half-day leaves he gives his friends.' I sat on the bench outside the guardroom. There was an ominous silence inside, portending a breaking storm. My companions looked at me with interest, but made only the most cryptic comments. I felt as if I was going to be shot. The barber was slowly making his toilet, always a lengthy process. He spoke to no one. The fat corporal passed, and made a gesture as if to say: 'Well, you see, something has happened, and it's not my fault.' All at once the barber called me, in stentorian tones. What a ridiculous situation for me, I thought. This vulgar, pimply barber has the power to make me stand like a frightened, naughty schoolboy before him.

'You absented yourself without leave last night, and, moreover, you did it in open defiance of me after I had expressly told you you could n't go. I shall make a report this morning.' I said nothing; there was nothing to say. I began to feel defiant and angry, but only inwardly, for in the grip of discipline a man almost ceases to exist. Veneziani came toward me, and made one of his expressive grimaces. Italians usually express all their serious ideas with gesture and expressions rather than words. I told him what the corporal had said. He shook his head knowingly. 'He 'll never do it; not for a minute.' Nor did he. In an hour he called me to him again, and said: 'Out of compassion I 've decided not to make a report, but if you do it again I certainly will.' The episode was closed.

In a day or two the relief came down to us from the barracks. Several of our *corpo di guardia* were anxious to stay on, and arranged with the newcomers exchanges not contemplated in the orders. Their idea was that a 'destination,' even a bad one like the prison, is always preferable to no destination, to the unknown horrors of the *caserma*. I could not argue so, and, in a seriocomic way, I pitied these fellows, who had so little faith in their destiny. Never did I leave any place more cheerfully than that house of evil. We marched back in formation to the barracks, and I decided that the question of a destination was one that must be approached immediately.

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[*To-day*]

THE GREAT WAR FOR POETIC FREEDOM

THE present condition of the literary front to the casual observer may be likened to the Western Front during so many weary months of the war. There would appear to be, as the Americans say, 'nothing doing.' If literature had its G.H.Q. the report for many weeks now must have been 'On the West Front the situation remains the same.' But as everybody knew in war time that such messages did not mean that the war had faded out but that, indeed, momentous and tragic things were happening, so in letters the cessation of hostilities is illusory.

Much is going on. The young men, for instance, are still trying to extend the bounds of poetic convention, and although they cannot be said to have made any great advances in the past few months, they have very successfully 'dug themselves in,' and a 'war of movement' may break out at any moment. The rumor is that our militant poets are lying low for the spring offensive, when Armageddon for *vers libre* will assume its familiar shape. Verbal militancy will then once more 'imitate the action of the tiger.' But the vortex exists. You can hear the 'drum-fire' of the periodical *strafes*, and every now and then we have an 'evening hate' sometimes at long range from the Oxford guns, when London is pelted with 'Wheels,' or a bombing party from the Charing Cross Road Redoubt makes a sortie, hurling that high explosive 'Coterie' into the camp of the Amalakites.

Reinforcements are also coming from America. Many are by now familiar with the varied if alarming uniform of the monthly contingents of the *Little Review*, several of whose rankers are of British origin, and the ragtime and the jazz-like capers of these literary interpreters of the yahoo in style, cause pleasant, if strident, diversion in a dull season. Anyhow, syncopated orchestras are better than sob songs. But the American battalions are being augmented. Exchanges of visits of British and American leaders are producing a new *personale*. Ezra Pound, as we know, remains on this side, and goes 'over the top' as frequently as ever, latterly from the *New Age* trenches, and nowadays armed only with deadly prose which explodes and emits a gas which plays havoc with both the tearducts and the bronchial tubes of the enemy. Robert Nichols has just returned from America at the head of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay carrying *General William Booth Enters into Heaven, and Other Poems*, right into the front lines. His prefatory remarks, reinforced by salvos from W. B. Yeats and John Masefield, announce firmly 'that's the stuff to give 'em!' And he has good argument with him, although the quality of freedom which Lindsay demands differs widely from that demanded by his allies. It is freedom all the same, although true American that he is he refuses to entangle himself in the Constantinople affair. Like his nation's own Brer Fox he sets out with the inspiring intention of not getting mixed up with 'this yere Tar Baby.' But the sequel is not yet, and it is safer in warfare not to reckon on your freedom until it is hatched. The by-products of war, even in the matter of freedoms, are surprising. One thing, however, is certain. Lindsay has come to stay. He won't, so to speak, go back till it's over Over There.

In one sense the weapons used by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay are as old as the catapult, and they have the same sort of drive plus a modern mathematical precision. His idea is to be free in

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spirit while working within limits. His big gun is a poem to General Booth in Heaven, and even the nicest poetic experts would have to admit its poetic qualities. For this reason it is rumored that his allies are suspicious. Those who want to 'see it through' look upon it as a 'concession,' and there are hints already of another 'Peace Trap.' The fine old words, 'we shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until England's Parnassus is made safe from Plutocracy,' are being murmured reverently. But even the war that was to end war ended, and so also will the war that is going to end pre-war poetry; and just as the war that was going to end war has not ended war, so the war that is going to end pre-war poetry will not achieve its heart's desire. Wars never do.

As a neutral, with a bias toward Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley and Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson of the Lyrics, and other members of the old gang, I view the arrival of Lindsay with interest. He has faith in the cause, and he knows his job as a verse craftsman. His very archaism is hopeful, for it is not mummified, but alive, pulsing energy, vigorous with solidarity. He throws back to the days when people sang poetry rather than wrote it. He is a genuine mob poet frankly advocating mixed bathing in poetry. But you can also bathe solo if you prefer to do so. There is one fixed instruction. You must chant his stuff aloud, and there is only one end to that sort of thing. Nobody chants alone for preference. You chant or sing aloud for company. It is a social act, and needs hearers or co-partners. John Hay shouted 'Omar' to the Rocky Mountains, and Robert Louis Stevenson roared 'Love in the Valley' at the Pentlands, because they had no human audience, and when Wordsworth went mooing over our English fells, who shall say what high communion he held? Lindsay is the salvationist artist at last. He is the bard of the drum and trumpet. He is militant, direct-actionist, and a soul-saver. Listen (note I do not say 'read'):

[*Bass drum slower and softer*]
Booth died blind and still by Faith he trod,
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.
Booth led boldly, and he looked the chief
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

[*Sweet flute music*]
Jesus came from out the courthouse door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there
Round and round the mighty courthouse square.
Yet in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled,
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world.

[*Bass drum louder*]
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the mout, the jowl!
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests queen!

And so it goes on until he saw 'King Jesus' face to face, and knelt 'a-weeping in that holy place.' And it takes your breath away like a clean, unceremonious sou'wester. The verse-maker's Armageddon will go on, but it is a man of the Lindsay kind who will win the war.

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

THE IRREPRESSIBLE FILM

THE literature of the month has much to say of the motion picture. Evidently the picture play as an art, or to be more pungent a near-art, is attracting the serious attention it undoubtedly deserves. The business of making and distributing films is advancing with seven-league boots. An industry or a near-art which provides the majority of human beings with their only glimpse into life imaginatively conceived cannot afford to be neglected. The writer recalls a lovely country village, a village of green fields, immemorial elms, and old colonial houses, whose one weekly titbit of the world was afforded by an out-of-date 'serial,'— a thing of 'episodes,'— violent, hideous, perverted and base, full of vitriol throwings, moonlight stabbings, heroines tied to stair posts in burning houses, ancient automobiles bouncing off cliffs — all a perfectly appalling business. By the vibrating light of the picture beam, the spectator watched the children of the fields staring entranced, some of them on the very edges of their chairs, and when the hooded demon was about to throw his lovely victim into the sausage machine, the air was certain to be stirred with gasps, 'oh my's,' and little inarticulate, grammar-school snuffles. Finally, a Grange committee, prodded on by the writer and a handful of friends, succeeded in having the particular 'serial' stopped and better films brought to town.

There has been very little criticism in America of the 'movies' as creations of the imagination. Sickened by the violence, the vulgarity, the glucose sentimentality, the trained critic has fled the 'movies' like a pestilence, leaving the field of criticism to professional penny-a-liners prepared to write the kind of nonsense which is the journalistic order of the day. And thus America, the land of the film, is left with little genuine criticism so much needed.

In these circumstances, it is interesting to turn to European criticism of the film. The attempts of the British film companies to get on their feet and meet American competition are widely discussed in the British press. Thus in a recent number of the *London Telegraph*, Mr. Alder Anderson remarks:

It is only during the past twelve months really that it has been generally recognized that without a good story the labor of film making is in vain. There are quite a number of men still, however, prominent men, too, who never refer to films in the plural. They will speak to you about good or bad quality 'fillum,' exactly as if they were discussing silk or guano, or any other marketable commodity. This is a state of affairs which the nascent but already promising British picture making industry should know how to turn to advantage. Unfortunately, it displays extraordinary apathy in some directions. In selecting subjects to turn into picture plays it all too often falls into the error of assuming that merely ephemeral insular notoriety is synonymous with world fame. Occasionally, though rarely, the two are identical.

England possesses more than her share of universally acknowledged men of literary genius, yet the sum total in two centuries can almost be reckoned on the fingers of two hands. One hears far too much of British film producers to-day contracting to take stories 'in bulk' of certain authors instead of hunting until they find something really original and worth while. 'Broken Blossoms,' made by David Wark Griffith, from a short sketch by Mr. Thomas Burke, included in his book *Limehouse Nights*, is still continuing its triumphal career throughout the United States, yet during all these months no producer in this country apparently has had the idea that the author might be able to give them other subjects equally good. Now Mr. Burke

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tells me he has arranged with Griffith to go to America, in order to evolve, if possible, several more screen subjects.

In all fairness, however, it must be confessed that it required the genius of a Griffith to discern all the screen possibilities in the story, and when we possess a Griffith in this country there will no longer be any fear that the British-made film will have to take secondary place. It will be very interesting to see what Mr. Griffith makes out of *Romance* with Doris Keane. Hitherto almost all the players he has had have been without any previous experience of acting, either on the stage or for the screen. Miss Keane is the first notable exception to the rule.

The *Times* prints another note on the popular 'Broken Blossoms,' and remarks that 'a time will come, and that very soon, when tragedy and comedy alike will have to be specially constructed to suit the special needs of the screen.' The final paragraph questions Mr. Griffith's presentation of Limehouse, remarking that, 'This is a limehouse which neither Mr. Burke nor any other man who knows his East End of London will be able to recognize. It may be a very good impression of an American producer's idea of Limehouse but it is nothing more.' With this notion the writer of these lines completely disagrees. The Limehouse of the film is, to be sure, not the real Limehouse, but it is to a dot the Limehouse of Mr. Burke's imagination, the imagination of an intensely literary mind distilling hideous tales, tales in which there is much dwelling on cruelty, tales whose action and psychology have the false ring of a cracked bowl. One calls to mind the comment of that sane critic, Mr. Holbrook Jackson: 'One of the dangers of modern life is a growing habit of living by proxy or taking life at second hand; and the same applies to much of the writing of the present day: too many modern writers write from second-hand experience.' The vogue of Burke is a sign of a tired and neurotic world.

In Germany the cinema trade is greatly perturbed by a project which has been seriously put forward by the Minister for the Interior to municipalize all the cinema theatres throughout the country. The people interested in the business are preparing to oppose the project tooth and nail. One of the principal reasons urged against it is that if such a formidable weapon were to be controlled, as it probably would, by one political party, the death-knell of all artistic advance would be sounded, and a form of intellectual tyranny imposed which would be almost more intolerable than Kaiserism.

In weaning the German workman from the drinking shop, the cinema theatre, its advocates say, has proved a veritable god-send to the nation. It is also alleged that so far from hurting the expansion of the legitimate theatre, the moving pictures have proved a vast recruiting ground for the audiences of the regular theatres. Until the cinema came, we are assured, the German working classes generally absolutely ignored the artistic side of life. Not one workingman in ten ever dreamed of entering a theatre, which, for him, dealt in some recondite form of so-called entertainment utterly beyond his comprehension. The picture plays are initiating him into the mysteries of a whole new universe.

The following recently appeared in the *London Chronicle* under the caption 'A Birmingham Vicar's Experiment.'

The Birmingham Licensing Justices have granted an application made by the vicar of St. Bartholomew's for a license for a cinema in his church. The proposal was agreed to on the understanding that the exhibition was not to be run as a commercial proposition, and would take place only on Sunday nights.

The vicar, who said he had the Bishop's sanction for the experiment, explained that the pictures shown would be in part religious and wholly decent. The object was to bring under wholesome influences people parading the central streets on Sunday evenings. No charge would be made for admission.

In a review of two other British films, *Back Stage* and *His Naughty Wife* are to be found these illuminating remarks on film motor cars and film policemen:

The great majority of film comedies are

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modeled upon an extremely rigid pattern. There seems to be an unwritten set of rules, beside which the laws of the Medes and Persians were very flimsy affairs. To put the matter upon a mathematical basis, there are some quite arbitrary axioms and a number of postulates, and upon these a body of theorems and a larger body of problems have been constructed. The outstanding axiom apparently is that no cinematograph comedy shall possess a plot with any claim to coherence whatever. Once this is assumed the ground is cleared to a very great extent. The postulates fall into several general divisions, and these may be very briefly pointed out.

One of the great divisions is concerned with all forms of locomotion. If a motor car is introduced into the story it must never behave in a normal manner. It may go backward or overturn; fly through the air or blow up. Otherwise its movements are rather circumscribed. As regards human locomotion, a character is very seldom allowed to walk. He may run or jump, and there is one rule he must not break. He must not retain his balance, if it is humanly possible for him to fall down. In *His Naughty Wife* quite a dozen characters slip on banana skins, and thereby illustrate the truth of Professor Bergson's contentions as to the causes of laughter. Another division deals with hydraulics, and especially with the habits of water-taps and baths. Taps must always be left turned on until a flood results, and baths are always full and must always be fallen into by at least one person in the course of the action.

Around public servants a very large body of lore has grown up. Policemen always dress like scarecrows, and invariably perform their public duties in a body. If they are called upon to pursue a criminal they crowd themselves into a small but swift motor car, and fall out on to the road at regular intervals. When they pick themselves up they jump into the air once or twice (they are allowed a certain amount of latitude in this particular case), and run after the car with appropriate gesticulations.

Firemen follow the same rules as policemen. Humbler servants of the public, like waiters, are encircled with a rather Bolshevist aura. Their mission in life is destruction. They are rather reminiscent of those entertainers who aver that they break so many pounds' worth of crockery every night. Film waiters, however, have the more satisfactory lot, because it is a point of honor with them that a good proportion of their crockery must be broken by contact with a customer. There are also a few riders to these propositions. An example of these is the pessimistic assumption that all those who venture in a ship must immediately suffer visible physical inconvenience

These are only a very few of the rules of film comedies, but they are sufficient to indicate that the subject will be well worth the learned research of some future scholiast, who shall lay aside his inquiries into the digamma in order to study the earliest manifestations of humor upon the screen.

All in all, the film has not yet attained standing as an art, and because its field is limited to the depiction of action, it probably never will. But art or *near-art*, as the writer has suggested, it is a presentation of imaginative source which must be sympathetically watched. The finer mind ought not to neglect its monstrous possibilities for good or evil. It can destroy literature as well as the spoken stage. 'Have you read such and such a book?' one asks. 'No, I did n't have to, I saw it in the movies' is the answer. Perhaps the best thing for the film is not to be too ambitious and to refrain from trying to storm Parnassus. Let the producers keep their hands off the great things. A noble statue is not to be shaped in putty, but in Parian marble. A 'good' film is really not a pretentious and grandiose thing vainly striving to interpret the niceties of life and emotion, but a bouncing depiction of intelligible action — plausible heroines in plausible distress, super-villains, and finest rapping heroes who put their shoulders to doors and come crashing through just in time. Virtue ought to be rewarded and vice punished. Who will be the Stevenson of the cinema?

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[*The King's Highway*]

DARTMOOR

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Low are your little hills; narrow your vales;
But silver threads the fairy streams that leap
From their moss cradles to the wide, green dales:

Yet in your ambit of the waste and steep,
Orbicular and perfect and austere,
You win fidelity, command and keep

Our trust. How many a rich and vanished year
Has seen my shadow flit upon your face
To glean the boon of wisdom and good cheer.

Beside a rillet on a day of grace
Full often have I sat and felt your heart
Beating beneath the granite, until space

Throbbed to the far horizons, where apart
Ranged your uplifted ramparts cloudily,
As though they waited but the wind to start

And sweep in a procession to the sea,
With the round cumuli, so silver bright,
That rolled above them, huge and wild and free.

Prevenient, ever steadfast, day and night
Find you attuned to all that they can do;
Not storm may quell; nor bitterness affright

Your impassivity. The seasons woo,
Or strike with passionate, fleeting fearfulness
Your unprotected bosom; but to you

Spring smiles behind each haggard winter's stress;
And though the lightning rend your granite crown,
And white hail flog, you know blue skies will bless
And sunshine heal the wounds that ache or drown.
Never comes doubt to shake your commonwealth
And unity; never a smile or frown;

Never a furtive tear, or sigh by stealth;
Nothing but patience and a purpose strong,
Endurance and a constant soul of health
Above all force to fret, or ill to wrong.

[*Country Life*]

CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN ROME

BY HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE

Sad ghosts, do you know a wild, fresh scent,
Disheveled grace,
And a brave glory strangely meant
For one short space,
Tossed to be blown in a Roman street
Throughout a day,
All gold and brown and wistful sweet,
Decking the way
Of you are marshaled on the old dead power
Of Rome to wait,
Who are ranged where the deathless splendors tower
And the broken state?

[*Country Life*]

WHEN A DREAM HAUNTS MY PATH

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

When a dream haunts my path,
Strays in lingering innocence,
Shows the lovely forms it hath,
Tells me never why nor whence;
I with fevered fingers grope,
Sick for permanence, and find
Chaos in the heart of hope
And a torment in the mind.

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